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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It having been suggested to us, that, at a period like the present, when individuals have little leisure for reading, and that real utility in literature is what is sought rather than mere amusement, the diminution of that portion of our work which has been dedicated chiefly to essays, and the almost exclusive appropriation of the remainder to objects strictly practical, would be an improvement, we have come to the determination of trying the experiment; for we are, in truth, convinced that in these bustling times the majority of readers must find it utterly impossible to wade through the voluminous matter of any magazine of the ordinary size, and as we cannot, in fairness, desire to make our subscribers pay for that which is so evidently useless to them, we shall, for the future, publish no more than half* the quantity we have hitherto done; and this, although we use the same unexceptionable material, at no more than two-fifths of our original charge. Another consideration by which we are influenced in this arrangement, and it is one of importance—is, that we shall be thus enabled to go to press much later in the month, and to enrich our pages with information of more recent interest than, under the previous system, it has been in our power to do. We have long been urged, by artists and others, to make some such alteration, if on the ground of economy alone, and we are willing to hope that the course adopted will meet with general approbation, the price of the present and succeeding issues of

The Magazine of the Fine Arts,

IS FIXED AT

ONE SHILLING.

Our Plates will be continued from time to time, as circumstances may suggest.

The wishes of our talented friend, "The Practising Architect," shall be attended to. We thank him much for the great delicacy of his expressions towards us.

"Philotheorus's" Paper is unavoidably postponed. Relieved of some of its minor detail, which would not, we think, be generally appreciated, it will grace a future number of our work. The *fac simile* would doubtless please, but the party is not accessible to us at present.

G. R. C.'s pretty stanzas are also, of necessity, reserved for future insertion.

The "St. James's Gallery of Paintings" in Pall Mall, and other matters connected with the Fine Arts will claim our early attention.

If Mr. Langlois, jun., reads our Magazine with attention, he must see, that in the allusion to which he refers, we can have meant to speak of Sir Thomas Lawrence in a comparative sense only. We are in no way influenced by the authority which he cites.

* Unwilling either to divide an amusing poetical article of some length or to curtail the critical notices which will be found in our present number, we so far depart from the plan which is to regulate our future issues, as to give a sheet more than we had intended.

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ROYAL ACADEMY.

"Mr. EWART said that he considered it too late to bring forward his motion respecting the Royal Academy during the present session. He would content himself then with explaining that, as the Royal Academy were about to occupy a national building, they must be considered *nationally* responsible. With this object, the motion of which he had given notice had been made, and with two others, to extend the arts and manufactures of the country, and to open the national exhibition of works of modern, as well as of ancient art, gratuitously to every inhabitant of the three kingdoms. With this short explanation, he should postpone his motion for a select committee, till the ensuing session."—*Times*, June 27th.

[We have not time, at so late a period of the month, to offer any comments on this statement; but, aware of the great anxiety of many of our readers upon the subject to which it refers, we avail ourselves of our limited means of promoting its circulation.]

ADVERTISEMENTS

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SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT.—No. VIII.

"I must have liberty withal :—as free a charter as
The wind to blow on whom I please; for so fools have.

SHAKSPEARE.

"WHAT is your opinion," said my companion, "of Mr. ———'s buildings?"

"Simply this," said I: "They exhibit as much merit as may be looked for in the designs of a man not regularly educated as an architect."

There was a slight tinge of the contemptuous in the expression of his countenance, as he demanded "What I meant by a *regularly educated* architect?" and that expression became still more apparent as he continued, in the same breath, to answer his own question, by supposing that "the regular education of an architect could mean little more than a sufficiency of constructive acquirement added to a fair proportion of natural taste."

It is thus that architects, even in this day of improved knowledge, and by men of approved education and accomplishments, are confounded with cabinet makers—no offence to the latter. Constructive acquirement perfects the carpenter, and is necessary to the architect, who, without it, might give his "taste" impracticable scope; fascinating his employer by the beauty of a design that he may afterwards be disappointed by the impossibility of its realization. As it has just been hinted, natural taste may convert a joiner into a cabinet-maker, and possibly stimulate him to *become* an architect; but the practice of architectural design is just as much dependent upon acquirement as that of constructive carpentry. A man may become a very tolerable architect without having an iota of natural taste, which signifies, that the art is much less of a *fine art*, and much more of a *science*, than is

usually imagined. It is scientific in respect to its positive laws of proportion—the distinct classification of its several varieties—the established observances which each variety peremptorily demands—and particularly in respect to the fact of its being so slightly referable to that principle of *imitation* which is the great governing motive of painting and sculpture. It is a “fine art” only in respect to the allowed *modifications* of its several styles established, and to the permitted *invention* of total novelty. It is not, therefore, a matter of mere science, though greatly accessible to a merely mechanical mind; and the reader will now clearly understand how far *acquisition* is indispensable, and how far *natural* taste is beneficial. Of two architects equally educated, the one of most natural taste will prove the better; but natural taste can much better be spared than the industriously acquired knowledge of established propriety.

Taste and architectural taste are two very different things. The one enables its possessor to take delight in any combination of forms which may generally display an abstract harmony, but a building may be tolerably harmonious as an entire object, and yet intolerably anomalous in its component parts. The pleasure, therefore, experienced by the man of mere natural taste is dependent upon his remaining ignorant of architectural science; or, in other words, it is held under the tenure of apathetic indolence. Should he, by some unfortunate accident, fall into the way of an agreeable architectural essay, or suffer himself to imbibe that *hurtful* knowledge which the frequent recurrence to illustrated works will in time occasion, he will become unhappy under reflections of ill-bestowed admiration. It is true, he may derive additional pleasure from much that has before pleased; but he will be shocked at many things which he might otherwise comfortably endure. O, beware of the cultivation of an *architectural* taste! It will fascinate you into the expenses of building! It will involve you in the dangers of criticism! Your newly awakened zeal will render you ridiculous, and your provoked spirit of censure detested. You will have left the republic of free-love for the absolute monarchy of prescribed affection. You will no longer admire as your unfettered will has hitherto prompted; you will only admire what you may. Back to the open wilds of your native ignorance! Send for your carpenter. Tell him to “knock you up” a comfortable house after his own fancy, and then innocently comment upon the skill with which he has intermingled principles of every genius, examples of every age and impossibilities of every description.

I have thus shewn you, that architectural taste, like that for pickled olives and Havannah cigars, is an *acquired* taste; and that, as the

subjects of my simile induce the expensive habit of drinking, so the subject to which they assimilate induces measures just as intoxicating. I should regret the fatality which has compelled me to adopt the practice of architecture as a means of existence ; but I am in a great measure supported by the consideration that my friend Freiburg sells tobacco, and that I have a cousin who keeps a gin-shop. While we all three complain of the public, we are yet comforted in the companionship of complaint, and the enmity which I should otherwise exhibit towards carpenter-architects is much subdued by the consideration that there are Temperance Societies to counteract the too prominent success of gin and tobacco.

Nothing more decidedly proves the artificial nature of architectural taste, than the ever continued ignorance of it, as exemplified in many eminent painters. In fact, no body of men is more destitute of true architectural feeling than the gentlemen of the brush. This is the more remarkable, because they have often to do with architectural subjects, and might therefore, under the assistance of their "natural taste," be expected to become architecturally informed. The case is far otherwise, and so it must remain while they look at columns and buildings as they do at trees and bushes, unmindful that accuracy of form, proportion, and detail, are as necessary to the one as generalization and sentiment are to the other. No one can more admire Prout (as an artist solely considered) than the author of these sketches ; but it is certain that all architects must be unanimously shocked at his offences against proportion and detail whenever he has to manage an architectural subject. Corinthian columns are not pollards, and the relative proportions of their parts, of their entablatures, &c. are not *accidental*, like those of a Cornish hut. Upon the just observance of these proportions depends much that would give interest to Mr. Prout's drawings, supposing they were deficient in that mastery of color and general effect, which renders them valuable notwithstanding their architectural delinquencies. Canaletti has made it certain, that an artist may be at once poetically pictorial and mathematically true ; and here we come to the point whence we started, for the *mathematics* of architectural design are not to be learned in a day, and, in the full acquirement of their knowledge, the "regular education of an architect" consists :—Q. E. D.

A young gentleman recently from college, and suddenly coming into an unexpected fortune, called upon me the other day, to know

whether I would undertake to build him a new manor house? "With much pleasure, and with every attention to your desires, sir," said I.

"I am obliged to you, sir," said he, "*here are the plans* :"—

"**THE PLANS!**" echoed I :—

He had confounded me with the contractor, thinking the architect was merely a practical operative!

You will say,—"not so,—he had already obtained his plans from one whom he acknowledged as an architect, and came to you under a correct motive, though false impression, thinking you a builder :"—

No such thing. His plans had been prepared by a country factotum, chiefly known as a land surveyor; and he thought it the architect's business to carry into effect the designs of another.

He was a gentleman; and, therefore, a brief explanation of his error soon put things into a more orthodox, if not better, train. The land surveyor was paid off—his plans put into the fire—and an entirely new design ordered to be made :—But, stay !—The excavations for the cellarage of the "land-lubber's" model were already made; so that my new design must be made to suit them !—No matter. The half of a professional man's employment consists in making good the errors of blundering predecessors. The greatest evil in the matter was simply a moral one: for he who would thus have supplanted me in the legitimate practice of my dearly purchased profession, was one whom I had employed more than once in his own proper business. He had measured ground, laid down lines, and taken levels for me. If he was not humbled in thus assisting one who *could* have done without him, was he not presumptuous in subsequently attempting to supersede his employer?

Not in the least: or, at any rate, he stands greatly excused; for where is the man to whom money is necessary, who will not esteem himself at full the price which others seem ready to pay for him?

Charitably to speak it, perhaps there is no blame attachable to any party. The patron erred in ignorance; the surveyor from substantial necessity; and the circumstances under which both have acted, are rather pitiful than criminal.

No. Men individually must not be attacked. The manners of society, however, are free game; and there is surely no harm in the statement of particular examples when they are honestly pointed at the world in general, and with no invidious aim at the parties involved. Where is the Radical, who, having abused the half measures of the Whigs, or the Whig, who, having vituperated the whole measures of

the Tories, would not be proud to give his best fare to Earl Grey, or to take "pot luck" with the Duke of Wellington?

Let manners and habits be amended; but, till they are so, let men be forgiven. When a pervading propriety shall govern the world, it will be found to afford place and means for every man within it.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Concluded from page 150.)

SINCE we last entered upon this subject, Mr. EWART has moved, in the House of Commons, "a return of the conditions on which the apartments of Somerset House were bestowed on the Royal Academy—of the number of Exhibitions of works of Art opened—of the number of professors of the Royal Academy, and some other particulars;"—a proceeding which proves that the honorable member is not jesting, or, as the forty portrait painters may have flattered themselves, growing lukewarm in the cause of which he has undertaken the advocacy, namely, the cause of British artists;—and the house having offered no opposition to the motion, he is by this time in possession of facts which will doubtless assist him materially in the framing of his case for the ensuing session. We have frequently expressed our hatred of monopolies:—they have long been the curse of this country, but happily a better era has at length dawned upon us. The rotten boroughs, the bank, and the East India monopolies have been broken up in rapid succession; the church monopoly—that most iniquitous and extensive of the whole—will be broken up also, and with the spirit of reform still in active operation, who can doubt that the Somerset House monopoly will presently follow? Had the forty only managed their affairs with ordinary prudence;—we use that term in a worldly sense—had they only done just enough to satisfy us of their bare consciousness that the Academy was a public institution and not a private monopoly, there might be some difficulty in convicting them of the acts of usurpation and oppression so notoriously practised within their walls, but the short-sighted mortals, as if—having acquired whatever honor might have attached to their elections, their only subsequent anxiety was to tarnish and to neutralize that honor,—have all along treated public opinion with a contempt equally beyond belief and endurance. In that corrupt state of things which preceded the great measure of parliamentary reform, public abuses

of all kinds were tolerated; and, like other corporate interests, the Academy had little to fear from the government; but, seeing that their monopoly was more exposed to vicissitude, arising from popular disgust, than most others, we really wonder at their wrong-headedness, even at that period; but that their proceedings since should have been marked by the same absence of liberality, nay, even in an aggravated degree, and all this, in spite of the loss of most of their ablest men,—to wit, FUSELI, OWEN, FLAXMAN, LAWRENCE, and JACKSON, and more recently, STOTHARD and NEWTON, is utterly past all comprehension. We are no friends of public Academies, especially those composed of a limited number of members, for, however beneficial they may be calculated to be to the few, who, by intrigue or otherwise, may obtain admission to them, they necessarily inflict a most grievous injury on all the rest of a community engaged in the same pursuit—a pursuit, as regards the Fine Arts, that is difficult under any circumstances, but with political impediments to clog and embarrass its votaries, all but hopeless: if, however, the Royal Academy of London is to be reconstructed, we trust that one of the primary laws for the regulation of its future proceedings may be that which will render the election of associates, and, subsequently members, gratuitous—not consequent upon the application of students; for, that men of commanding talents should have to subject themselves to the humiliating ordeal of declaring themselves candidates by the insertion of their names in a book provided for the purpose is not reasonably to be expected; a circumstance which sufficiently accounts for the accession to the foundation of so many inferior hands, for, alas, reserving those of WILKIE, TURNER, CALLCOTT, LANDSEER, ETTY, CONSTABLE, and COLLINS, in painting, CHANTREY, BAILY, and WESTMACOTT, in sculpture, and SOANE and SMIRKE, in architecture, how soon may the remaining names of real eminence be enumerated! Another point to which we would particularly call the attention of the honorable member for Liverpool is this:—As very large sums have been drawn from the public purse in order to secure the *chefs d'œuvres* of the old masters, it is to be taken for granted we presume that they are at least well worthy of being referred to as standards of excellence; and as the Royal Academy and the National Gallery are to be united under one and the same roof, let it be quite imperative on all those who may be charged with the regulation of the exhibitions, that the two—the old and the new—in order that the public may have a fair opportunity of judging of the relative merits of each, be open together. The Royal Academy will rebel against such a regulation, but it must

be insisted on, and if the ancients are still to be the criteria—as the outlay of six thousand pounds apiece on their productions would argue them to be, we shall then see what is right in modern art, and what is wrong. It has been said that, under the existing system, family alliances may have a pernicious influence in the election of new members to the Royal Academy, and not without great reason, for how else shall we account for the repeated occurrence in its lists of so many duple names among so very limited a number, as, for example, those of REINAGLE, DANIEL, CHALON, WESTALL and SMIRKE? To guard against the evil effects of nepotism, the choice should be determined, not by the entire, but by a partial number of members, or by some other method less liable to abuse. The honors of the Academy, as at present constituted, are of immense importance to artists, for they not only entitle those in the enjoyment of them to some provision in case of sickness or decrepitude, but have the effect also of introducing them to the best employment in the kingdom. The letters appended to their ordinary names, pass with the million as the *præmia meritorum*, or certificates of competency, and, in the event of disappointment, individuals charge, as they are perfectly justified in doing, the want of talent in the R. A. or the A. R. A. on those who have invested the Academy with the power of imposing so poor a creature upon them—or any body, in fact, rather themselves: these honors are consequently of little less importance to the public; and how unexceptionable ought the principle then to be upon which they are conferred! One more hint for the consideration of Mr. EWART, and we have done. We would suggest that if aliens are to take rank as members of the Royal Academy of London, it should be honorary rank merely, as it appears to us quite unreasonable, especially as a blind partiality for foreigners is one of an Englishman's acknowledged foibles, that British artists should be put in competition with all the world besides. We respect the national attachments of the Scotch, and although many persons condemn them as prejudices, they might with equal propriety so condemn the attachments existing between brothers.

We now proceed with our observations on the works composing the present exhibition.

No. 242 *The Death of Nelson*.—T. STOTHARD, R. A. Having so lately and so fully expressed our opinion of the works of the lamented STOTHARD, we abstain from offering any lengthened comments upon this production, particularly as it is almost enveloped in dirt and dust: we cannot however forbear to remark, that the effect

of death, as seen in the countenance of the fallen hero, is most powerfully described, and that the surrounding figures are introduced with a quiet decorum which awakens us to a sense of affliction far more effectually than the inebriate rant which a man of inferior taste might have adopted: but poor STOTHARD, like the tar whose death he has here commemorated, is now equally beyond the reach of praise and of censure, and we wish therefore that unless, it had been done under more favorable circumstances—with a greater respect for his memory—this relic of his genius had not been exhibited at all.

No. 307. *Portrait of Lady Rolle*—Mrs. J. ROBERTSON. Of the whole lengths exhibited by Mrs. ROBERTSON we think this the most pleasing specimen: but she has several, and they are all highly creditable to her. No. 241. *Portrait of Lady Marjoribanks and Children*, is a quiet, unaffected performance, and fully equal in every respect to many of those of the male exhibitors, aye, even although their names be graced in the catalogue with the imposing addenda of R.A. No. 1. *Portrait of the Countess of Dartmouth and Lady Charlotte Legg* is little less worthy of admiration. The features of the principal figure may be rather severe, the hair somewhat formal, and the yellow drapery a little fierce; the last-named defect, however, which is the greatest, will be remedied in some measure by the operation of time. Mrs. ROBERTSON, who had heretofore distinguished herself in miniature, evinces but a just appreciation of her powers in the occasional application of them to a higher branch of study; it is pleasant nevertheless to perceive by the examples below, No. 700. *Portrait of Alexander Ogilby Esq.*; No. 763. *Portrait of Lady Hanmer*, and two or three others, that she has not wholly abandoned the ivory for the canvass.

No. 320. *Portrait of Viscountess Encombe*.—G. SANDERS. Lady Encombe is here more agreeably represented than Lady Nelson in the next room, who seems to us to be just on the point of sneezing; but even Lady Encombe is considerably obscured by Lady Rolle! Mr. SANDERS is hard in his outline, and, with all our disposition to be civil, the utmost we can say for the portraits he exhibits is in the way of our Sunday contemporary— that they are *tray-bien*.

No. 164. *The Gentle Reader*—H. WYATT. From the picture entitled *Archimedes* exhibited by this artist two or three years since, although it had somewhat the character of a Dutch burgomaster, as painted by one of the old school, we were inclined to think Mr. WYATT would one day rank high in art; but we now perceive, with disappointment, that, like too many others, he is strongly influenced

in his general practice by the vice of imitation. An indiscriminate admiration of the works of NEWTON is the error he seems most prone to fall into, for not only is he satisfied to become the copyist of that ingenious person, but, further, he would seem desirous of calling our attention to the fact by the adoption of his titles. Who can read of the *Gentle Reader* of the one without remembering the *Gentle Student* of the other? Mr. W's present work is placed too high on the walls for minute inspection as regards the pencilling, but the color of the flesh appears to us to be much too hot, while the attitude of the figure is ill-chosen and meretricious.

No. 227 *Portrait of the Queen of Portugal*.—J. Z. BELL. The drapery is good, but not so the head, which is inexpressive and awkwardly disposed on the shoulders.

No. 53. *Hagar and Ishmael*.—R. WESTALL, R. A. Our principal objection to Mr. WESTALL's pictures is their general want of variety, a result produced we suppose, by a habit he has acquired of painting upon strictly scholastic principles. His Grecian nose and prominent lips and chin are ever present to our recollection, and hence it is that he has brought upon himself, and not without cause, a charge of mannerism. His figures however are often elegant and poetical, and in this little historical composition, notwithstanding its similarity in treatment to many of its predecessors, we recognise a sentiment worthy of great commendation. We wish Mr. WESTALL would endeavour to emancipate himself from the trammels of the academy and dismiss his models, together with his exclusive notions of the human form. He paints nature as he is satisfied she should be: let him see what can be made of her as she really is.

No. 251. *Portrait of the Lord Mayor (Farebrother)*.—J. SIMPSON. One of the most satisfactory portraits in the exhibition. No. 410. *Portrait of John Rosson Esq.* also by Mr. SIMPSON is entitled to at least equal praise: it has much of the freshness and some of the flimsiness that characterised the pencil of Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE.

No. 229. *Portrait of Lord George Seymour*.—R. EVANS. A good common-place portrait, the identity of which can scarcely be mistaken.

No. 169. *The Orphan*.—W. ALLAN, A. The effect of this picture may be sufficiently striking, but the subject of it is too novemberish for our gay and buoyant spirits, particularly at this riant season of the year—

— “Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.”

The expression of the old servant is the *ne plus ultra* of sentiment—

talities, though not the less cleverly painted for all that. The young lady, kneeling at the vacant chair, is said to represent the second daughter of Sir Walter Scott, and presuming it to do so, we would condemn the taste that suggests the needless raking up of matters so painful to the public recollection. Our sympathies require no stimulus as regards the memory of such a man. No. 309. *Polish Exiles conducted by Bashkirs on their way to Siberia*—is, as its title would imply, another lugubrious subject, and will be equally admired by those who love to indulge in gloomy meditations. The group of captives, crouching at the feet of their stern conductors, feelingly—too feelingly—describe the situation of a family exposed to the merciless operation of Russian despotism. The mounted bashkirs are painted with great spirit, and the picture upon the whole, in spite of its moody tendency, is one of the best in the room.

No. 39. *Study of a Head*.—H. SASS. A portrait of, if we mistake not, the late Mr. Biddle of Bishopsgate within, the richest *snob* in all probability that ever lived.

No. 230. *Portrait of George Young, Esq.*—R. WESTALL, R.A. Somewhat pallid in color, but a good intellectual head, and, we will answer for it, an authentic likeness. One seldom meets with WESTALL in this department of the Art, and we should have thought him scarcely capable of accommodating his hand to the realities of the human countenance. Most of the portrait painters belonging to the Academy wipe up their mouths and noses to a kind of waxen polish—a process more to be honored in the breach than the observance, and we are accordingly glad to see that it forms no part of Mr. WESTALL's practice.

No. 176. *Zohara, a Nautch girl, at the Court of Asoph-ul-dowlah, Allahabad*.—W. DANIELL, R.A. A poor, unfinished, inky, sketchy affair like this might have been hoisted to the upper tier with equal advantage to the artist and the public. The letters R.A. although they may command places, cannot inspire genius, and we are persuaded that had such a daub been sent to the Suffolk Street rooms, it would have been instantly and deservedly rejected.

No. 203. *Romeo and Juliet*.—H. D. HON. Evidently a *coup d'essai*; we would therefore intimate to the Exhibitor that his Juliet is sadly too tall, but we refrain from urging, as a second objection, that she is also too pretty.

No. 198. *Portrait of Sir Peter Laurie*.—T. PHILLIPS, R.A. Attired in his robes of office, as Lord Mayor of London, and President of the Royal Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlem, a kind of *har-*

ness, Sir Peter presents an extraordinary appearance. We scarcely know better how to describe the effect of the picture than by comparing it to a gilded toy or a lackered ornament. The fault, if it be one, which such an appearance would imply, is to be attributed rather to the subject than the artist: we think we have a right, however, to complain of its presence at a public exhibition.

No. 182. *Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Dundas.*—H. P. BRIGGS, R.A. The portrait of a beautiful person, but thinly and smoothly painted in the way of a miniature drawing. The back-ground, formed by a piece of landscape, is the best of the picture.

No. 5. *Portraits of Mrs. T. Griffith and Children.*—G. CLINT, A. The picturesque arrangement of a numerous group of portraits on a single canvass, is a difficulty that the artist does not experience in the composition of a poetic or an historical subject, where the heads may be disposed so as to produce the best possible effect; and, consequently, when such an arrangement can be made, as in this performance, without any positive departure from the orthodox rules of art, the spectator can have little to object to. The introduction of four faces in a horizontal line, would have been avoided by a practitioner of minor skill, but in the hands of Mr. CLINT, who has known how to break its formality by the judicious distribution of color above and below, there was no necessity for a non-compliance with what was perhaps the wish of his sitters, namely, a mode of grouping that would give them about equal importance on the canvass.

No. 111. *Portrait of the Earl of Munster.*—T. PHILLIPS, R.A. We cannot with all our reluctance to blame, conscientiously praise such a portrait as this; neither can we—large and prominent as it is on the walls—pass it in silence. The Earl of Munster, if we have a correct remembrance of him, is much fresher and handsomer than here represented, with more rotundity of form; we do not mean that he is corpulent, but in describing his person, we should speak of him as the reverse of dry, angular, and wooden. Epaulettes are always injurious to a portrait, and much of the awkwardness we allude to is probably owing to the introduction of them in this.

No. 148. *The Spanish Mother.*—D. WILKIE, R.A. Mr. WILKIE exhibits another subject under the title of "*Not at Home*," an admirable picture, of which we have spoken in our preceding number. Had that title been given to the subject under consideration, we might have fancied—recollecting that "*bonus aliquando dormitat Homerus*"—it had some reference to a casual hallucination of the artist, for the *Spanish Mother* is certainly far from the most felicitous of his

productions, and had the words "*Not at Home*" we find in the catalogue opposite to No. 122, been affixed thereto, we should have thought we detected in it but one of those *jeux d'esprit* so commonly indulged in by the profession. *The Spanish Mother* is no doubt fine, but not for WILKIE; the mother is not Spanish, nor is the boy interesting. The texture of the flesh has not those indescribable qualities which characterise the majority of WILKIE's pictures, neither is the color so delicate, nor the attitude so well selected, as could be wished. We think, in short, it may have been painted by WILKIE when he has been less "at home" than usual—less under the influence of that inspiration which commonly discovers itself in his pictures.

No. 12. *An Italian Peasant Girl*.—C. L. EASTLAKE, R.A. A long and agreeable sojourn at Rome seems to have operated disadvantageously to this artist, inasmuch as every thing he attempts seems, appropriately or inappropriately, to have some reference to Italy and the Italians; and accordingly he becomes *ennuyant* from his perpetual sameness, the more especially as his works are marked by no originality of treatment. His coloring is monotonous to a degree, and the expression he infuses into the countenances of his figures so unvaried, so destitute of fire and spirit, that we only wonder how he can himself endure to look upon them. Of his ideas of feminine grace and beauty, all we can say is, that they are as diametrically opposed to our own as they can possibly be: in this respect, however, his taste may be more popular than we imagine, and we will therefore forbear to impugn it; but we conceive he can have nothing but the authority of an academy lecture to warrant the smoothness of texture which he has lately adopted. In this Italian figure the tinge of the flesh may be in accordance with nature; but in No. 341. *Portrait of Miss Bury*, where it is equally tawny, we are justified in doubting the accuracy of his vision. In No. 362, *Portrait of a Lady in Italian Costume*, all that we can approve is the back-ground, which is good. The skin and expression are but a repetition of the preceding—of the same Madonna-like tendency and as essentially Italian. No. 64, *The Escape of Francesco di Carrara, last Lord of Padua, and Taddea d'Este his wife (who was ill at the time) from the power of Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan*—is a more elaborate performance, comprehending a number of figures, and, notwithstanding that the general effect of it is tolerable, we cannot applaud the formality with which those figures are grouped. The semi-circle, although it may be sanctioned by the example of a very high authority, is too palpable, and reminds us more of the artist's studio than of the event which the work is in-

tended to commemorate. With a host of enemies in view, and in rapid pursuit of them, a sense of insecurity appears to us to have demanded a more marked and animated expression in the countenances of the fugitives. In the texture of the flesh, as displayed in this picture, and also in No. 311, *The Martyr*, we discover a dry or sandy quality little consistent with our notions of masterly handling.

No. 18. *Portrait of the Rt. Hon. T. Spring Rice*.—T. C. THOMPSON. At the distance from which this portrait is seen, the spectator cannot form a correct estimate of its merits; the effect of it, however, is so good that we have not the least doubt whatever it was entitled to a leading situation in the exhibition; and why, we ask, should it not have obtained it? Had Mr. Rice been made a cabinet minister before the arrangements of the hangers were completed, we will venture to say this portrait would have been treated with more respect. In the approaching discussions about the Academy, and its influence on the arts, we shall see if Mr. Rice is disposed to brook the indignity thus offered to himself and to countenance the injury inflicted on Mr. THOMPSON. It is to be hoped not.

No. 66. *Portrait of Mrs. Somerville* and No. 192, *Portrait of Sir Francis Burdett*.—T. PHILLIPS, R.A. Two of the artist's least successful heads: they have a very waxen quality and are excessively licked. No. 318. *Portrait of H. Bagge, Esq.* is much better.

No. 106. *The Port of Leghorn*.—A.W. CALLCOTT, R.A. We like the remoter objects in this landscape, which are executed with Mr. CALLCOTT's accustomed delicacy and correctness, as well with regard to linear as aerial perspective, and, doubtless, to local truth also; but in the water there appears to us to be a decided departure from the effects of nature, both in form and color, the first of which is too mechanical, and the second too much of a vegetable green.

No. 258. *The Introduction of the Bible*.—E. V. RIPPINGILLE. In this picture we find some cleverly painted miniature heads, but the *ensemble* appears to us to be a little scattered and ineffective.

No. 259. *Landscape*.—E. VAN MONK. Not badly executed, but at the same time displaying none of that originality of style for which we naturally look from a new exhibitor.

No. 26. *Calcutta from Garden house Reach*.—W. DANIELL, R.A. Of the numerous sketches of Indian scenery exhibited by Mr. D. this is by far the most agreeable, but those of his critics who have been accustomed to none but an English climate, will think it wants air; this, however, we are willing to doubt.

No. 95. *Portrait of the Son of Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart. M.P.*—H. HOWARD, R. A. Painting, as practised in this particular case, may well be called an "imitative art," for, although inferior in point of execution, expression and effect, a more positive duplicate of LAWRENCE's portrait of young Lambton could scarcely have been made. An individual filling a professor's chair should be especially cautious of copying from so popular an original, and still more of thrusting his plagiarisms before the public, particularly plagiarisms so palpable as this, for really it is impossible that it should escape the detection even of the most unobservant.

In Mr. HOWARD's *Garden of Hesperus* (No. 80) will be recognised a pretty close imitation of his own work of the *Pleiades*, exhibited many years since, and, as we understand, lately engraved for the Artists' Benevolent Institution. Mr. H. has yet another picture in the exhibition, but it is *outré*. We allude to No. 140, *the Lady Benighted*, a subject selected from Comus.

No. 252. *Ruins of a Fountain, Evening*.—J. J. CHALON, A. A scene of much magnificence. The pencilling is perhaps a little dry and mealy, but there is poetry enough in the picture to make amends for any mechanical imperfections it may betray. The blaze of an eastern sun-set, relieved by an umbrageous retreat and a cooling fountain, is calculated to fill the mind of the spectator with the most agreeable impressions, and these are the impressions with which we have contemplated Mr. J. J. CHALON's satisfactory composition.

No. 205. *Portrait of Mrs. Lane Fox*.—A. GEDDES, A. The portrait of a fine, a fashionable, and what many persons would call, a handsome woman.

No. 262. *Portrait of Lord George Bentinck*.—S. LANE. The exhibition has a pretty liberal sprinkling of the portraits of Mr. L., of which this is decidedly the best; but we should be doing him a disservice, and ourselves and our readers an injustice, were we to say that they are any of them good. Let Mr. LANE look at Vandyck or Reynolds, and then again at nature.

No. 11. *Puck and Hermia*. H. P. BRIGGS, R. A.

Puck.—"On the ground sleep sound,
And the country proverb be known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown—
Jack shall have Gill, nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well."

Midsommer Night's Dream, act 3, sc. 2.

In an author so redundant of graphic incident as Shakspeare, Mr. BRIGGS might surely have discovered a passage better adapted to his views than the preceding, which, separated from its context, appears to us to be totally destitute of point. The lines inserted in the catalogue as those upon which he has founded his picture of *Friar Laurence*, *Romeo and Juliet*, a work noticed by us last month.

"Come, come with me, and we will make short work,
For, by your leave, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one."

Act 2, sc. 6.

present an equally ineligible selection. In the representation of a play, the interest of the audience is engaged in a greater or lesser degree by the events developed in its progress, not by the intervening matter. Secure in the fancied superiority of his genius, Mr. BRIGGS possibly opens a volume at random, and selects whatever comes uppermost; but if so, he does himself a great injustice, as, with the exception of the scholastic propriety which they generally exhibit, his pictures have little or nothing to recommend them: on the contrary, they are common-place in color, and worse than common-place in texture, for they are waxy—a quality we greatly abhor; and this is perhaps nowhere more conspicuous than in this his representation of *Puck and Hermia*. Mr. B. seems to paint as if he thought the eyes of the Academy were eternally upon him, but let him take courage; WILKIE and TURNER are under no such apprehension.

No. 327. *Portrait of Rigby Wason, Esq. M.P.*—H. W. PICKERSGILL, R. A. A head of great excellence.

No. 332. *Mark-Hall*.—E. LANDSEER, R. A. *Mark-Hall* as the portrait of a horse, is one of the best we have seen, even by LANDSEER.

No. 340. *Rear-Admiral Sir Thos. Hardy*.—R. EVANS. The gallant admiral has a fine English head, which Mr. EVANS has succeeded in transferring to canvass in a manner that is creditable to his talents.

No. 331. *Portrait of Mrs. Seaton Forman*. J. G. MIDDLETON.—The best portrait we have seen from the same quarter, and the subject of it is exceedingly pretty.

No. 283. *Portraits of the Children of J. Clifton Jukes, Esq.*

No. 291. *Portraits of Mrs. Throckmorton and Children*.—J. PARTIDGE. The portraits exhibited by this artist in former years have been remarkable for their sobriety and ease; but willing, we suppose, to try the effect of it upon the public, he has this season adopted a

style which is characterised by the opposite extremes. The draperies are fine and flaunty, and the faces of his sitters an unrelieved conflict of eyes and mouths and noses. We instance the above examples in confirmation of our statement, and as our justification for prompting Mr. P. to the speedy abandonment of his present, and the re-adoption of his original and more legitimate course of practice.

No. 317. *St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall*.—J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. Of the very few fine pictures we had left unnoticed, this is one of the most conspicuous. The sultry character of the atmosphere is agreeably relieved by the greenish tint of the sea, and although the scene cannot be said to convey a literal idea of the object chosen for representation, we have little doubt it corresponds precisely with that which the artist had conjured up in his imagination.

No. 310. *Mr. B. taking from Pamela the letter she had been writing to her parents*.—C. LANDSEER. One of the best things we have seen by the same hand: the girl is particularly interesting.

No. 333. *Chess-players—a study*.—R. T. BONE. A little Boccaccio-like scene, designed with the usual taste of the artist. With rather more dexterity in his execution, Mr. BONE might advance most materially in his pretensions.

No. 343. *View, in the Southern Alps, of Monte Viso, and the Source of the River Po*. This scene is, in truth, as Mr. Brockedon describes it, in the catalogue, extremely rugged and savage; but we have no hesitation in believing that it most faithfully represents the spot in question. Those who take the interest that we have done in the exploits of Hannibal and his companions will examine it with attention.

No. 353. *Portrait of Mrs. Wainwright Bellhouse*.—S. W. REYNOLDS. Very beautiful in expression, and in other respects a most creditable portrait.

No. 360. *Shakspeare, the property of R. Wilson, Esq.*—A. COOPER, R.A. Mr. COOPER's portraits of horses have always pleased us, and we may speak of the present specimen in terms of especial approbation.

No. 361. *Angrard, the virtuous Judge*.—SPINDLER. Mr. S. says the virtuous judge, as if there never had been but one. Would he pourtray the opposite character, by way of pendant, let him inform us, as we shall be able to direct him to a model.

No. 399. *A Lock near Manchester*.—F. W. WATTS. A little crude and green, but not without merit.

No. 383. *The Sisters of Lazarus meeting our Saviour nigh to Bethany*.—W. BROUGH. As a sketch, exceedingly promising and good;

indeed we find little in the exhibition that evinces so much artist-like feeling.

No. 368. *A Dutch Landscape*.—A. W. CALCOTT, R.A. The trees and distance are admirable, but the weeds or sedge in the fore-ground are so formal as to render the work rather displeasing.

No. 369. *Mosque in the Province of Coimbatore, Southern India*. W. DANIELL, R.A. One of the most interesting sketches the artist exhibits.

No. 395. *A Bitch defending her Young*.—E. M. DE CAMP. Coarse and sketchy to a degree, but still not effective. Nos. 201 and 202, *the Convalescent Dogs*, and *Le Mendiant* are something better, but even in these, though small, the artist is by no means sparing of his color.

No. 466. *A woody Glen*.—T. CRESWICK. The small pictures of this artist are exhibited to much greater advantage at the British or the Suffolk Street Gallery than here, where they are obscured by so many large and heavy companions. His forest scenery, however, has always great merit, and the above is a very favorable specimen of his art.

No. 217. *A Study*.—*Painted from Nature at Dolgien, N. W.*—F. C. LEWIS. A beautiful little landscape in a very similar style; it might, in fact, pass for the work of the same hand.

No. 472. *Le Sorelle*.—A. E. CHALON. The taste displayed in Mr. CHALON's drawings is essentially foreign. He likes to represent a *prima donna* warbling in an Italian opera, or a *danseuse Francaise*, pirouetting in the ballet; but he has evidently no feeling for the homelier model of an English drawing-room. The portraits he exhibits this year in the Antique Academy are more modish than common, but not less meritorious. *Le Sorelle*, in which are introduced portraits of the Hon. Mrs. Stanley, and the Hon. Misses Dillon, is a very beautiful picture, the persons of the several ladies, more particularly the centre one, being handsome, and the draperies, though abundant, gracefully arranged. Mr. CHALON scratches up pretty freely in parts, and a note at the foot of his drawings intimates that the effects arising from the process are contingent upon particular lights. No. 676, *Portraits of a Lady and Child*—a miniature, pleases us less—and face of the lady being too much pared away, her wrist too long, the thin, and her dress really quite overwhelming.

No. 583. *Portrait of a Lady*.—D. WILKIE, R. A. A drawing in the same style, executed in the best possible taste.

Study of Trees made in the grounds of Charles Holford Esq.—
I. CONSTABLE, R. A. A chalk drawing of great merit. No. 481, *The Mound of the city of Old Sarum, from the South*, is still more worthy of consideration. The loss of CONSTABLE's paintings in so barren a season as the present, is sensibly felt: he exhibits nothing but a few drawings.

No. 566. *Portrait of Sir James Shaw, Bart.—Mrs. C. PEARSON.* A painting of great excellence, and, as a resemblance, perfect. Why insult the lady and Sir James by hanging it in this villainous dog-hole?

No. 764. *Madelina.—A. ROBERTSON.* Of the miniatures, although there are many that may be enumerated as excellent, we have no scruple in pronouncing this the best. It feelingly and ably represents the unfortunate named in the Twelfth Night, who—

“Never told her love,
 But let concealment like a worm i' th' bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek.”

Portraits, No. 638. of *Mrs. Grote*, by S. P. DENNING; No. 666, of *Colonel Sir John May*; No. 687, of *Colonel Sir Andrew Dixon*; and No. 699, of *Major General Salmon*, by S. LOVER; No. 772, of *Mrs. Singleton*, by A. E. CHALON; No. 756, of *Lord Melbourne*, by W. C. ROSS; No. 799, of *S. N. Cowley, Esq.*, by A. ROBERTSON; No. 806, of *Charles Jennings, Esq.*, by F. CRUIKSHANKS; No. 808, of *Mrs. Henry Laumann*, a pretty golden-haired lady, by A. ROBERTSON, are all extremely clever. ROCHARD and NEWTON do not please us. No. 665, *Portrait of a young lady*, by the former, and No. 688, of *Miss Copland*, by the latter, are very inferior.

In the Model Academy the object that first catches the eye of the visitor, is a colossal *Statue of Lord Althorp*, (No. 1035) by W. BUTLIN. We have not the most perfect recollection of his lordship's features, but, presuming the likeness to be good, the only objection we have to make to the figure is, that the lower extremities are too Herculean for the head. We see that the work is to be executed in bronze, and are curious to learn for what purpose.

Among the other more noticeable performances, we may enumerate the following:—No. 1034, S. W. ARNOLD, a piece representing Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness, and in which most of the several figures introduced are well grouped and executed. Moses himself is, however, not very happily conceived.

No. 1041. *An Alto-Relievo description of the name of Buccleugh.*

E. COTTERILL. The ingenuity and taste displayed by this artist have often called forth our praises: his figures are always represented with freedom and spirit—qualities, which, in the performance here referred to, are as conspicuous as usual.

No. 1044. *A group at Confirmation, being resemblances of the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, and his grand-daughter.*—R. C. LUCAS. We scarcely know which to approve the most in this composition—the prelate himself or his grand-child—the calm benevolence of the one, or the unconscious beauty of the other.

No. 1076. *Statue of Locke.*—R. WESTMACOTT, R. A. A whole length in marble, displaying much dignity and ease, with an expression of thoughtfulness consistent with the reflective habits of the man. Ockham may be proud of such a statue.

No. 1077. *Psyche at the Fountain of Youth.*—W. GROVES. A chaste and beautifully executed marble.

No. 1078. *A Mother and Child.*—R. W. SEVIER. Two very admirable forms, particularly the child.

No. 1079. *Pastoral Apollo.*—E. G. PAPWORTH. Cleverly moulded, but a little wanting, perhaps, in amplitude and rotundity of limb.

No. 1080. *Flora and Zephyr.*—R. J. WYATT. Exquisitely chisselled; the female has less beauty than her companion, but more unexceptionable figures we have rarely met with.

No. 1090. *A group.*—R. C. LUCAS. A female and boy, modelled in the best style of the artist.

No. 1106. *Innocence.*—J. LEGREW. We are great admirers of infancy, and here are two of the prettiest specimens of it we have seen.

No. 1120. *Sketch for a Statue of the late Dr. Babington.*—T. DENMAN. An easy and unaffected design, but the homely habiliments of coat, waistcoat, and breeches, form a compound not quite compatible with the subject.

No. 1033. *Design for the Statue of a Physician, with reference to its being placed in St. Paul's Cathedral.*—J. CAMPBELL. Sketched, we suppose, for the same object, and, although it has less feeling and does not so closely resemble Babington as the preceding, the costume appears to us to be more appropriate, and it has, in other respects, very considerable merit.

No. 1115. *Judæa Capta.*—S. W. ARNALD. A cleverly conceived and executed illustration of that pathetic and beautiful passage in the Psalms—

"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion"

No. 1042. *A Nymph*.—J. TERNOUTH. One of the most symmetrical female forms in the collection; the attitude too is tastefully chosen.

No. 1043. *Part of a Monument*.—H. HOPPER. A draped, upright marble figure of great excellence, and one which, more particularly as regards expression, is hardly to be surpassed.

No. 1049. *Bust of the Author of "Lalla Rookh"*.—C. MOORE. A marble, bearing the stamp and impress of those high intellectual qualities for which the subject of it is so justly celebrated; and, although we have not had the satisfaction of seeing the admired lyrist in his proper person, we can almost vouch for the resemblance of this beautifully executed bust.

No. 1109. *Statue of the Lord Chancellor*.—J. FRANCIS. In attempting to mitigate the ruggedness of aspect belonging to his subject in nature, the sculptor has ventured a little too far; for the marble, however meritorious it may be as a work of art, is less authentic as a likeness than many we have seen of his lordship.

No. 1081, No. 1082, and No. 1083. *Busts*—the first of *A Friend* of the artist and the other two of *Ladies of Quality*.—E. H. BAILY, R. A. All in the best taste of this admired sculptor. The expression infused into the countenances of the two females seems with life and intellect.

No. 1051. *Bust of a Young Lady*.—G. M. BOOL, and

No. 1052. *Miss Stewart M'Kenzie*.—A. FLETCHER, —are both satisfactory specimens of the talents of the respective artists.

No. 1119. *Bust of Mr. Dominic Colnaghi*.—DANTAN. The work, we should conceive, of the same hand that has lately amused the public with a *Plutus* and *Apollo* though less fortunate in the resemblance; but to be sure Mr. D. Colnaghi is not quite so strongly marked as those two remarkable originals.

We regret our inability, from a want of space, to go a little further into the merits of this delightful portion of the exhibition, as we are aware that there are several contributions well worthy of the most elaborate commendation. The *Shield of Hercules* by W. FITTS, for instance, in the Library, is a subject entitled to the most minute and careful consideration. It is full of matter of the most classical and interesting kind, all of which will be found to have been conceived in the purest taste and executed in the most energetic manner: we have however, from

the same cause, found ourselves under the necessity of withholding some additional observations we intended making on the paintings, and among those we had marked in our catalogue for that purpose, may be enumerated the following:—No. 65. *Children of the Hon. Sir Edward Cunt*.—R. EDMONSTON. No. 72. *Portrait of a young Flora*.—A. MORTON. No. 76. *Landscape*.—J. A. O'CONNOR. No. 112. *Cottage Hospitality*.—W. COLLINS R. A. No. 188. *Scene from the Barber of Seville*.—F. P. STEPHANOFF. No. 239. *Milking time*.—J. S. COOPER. No. 261. *Portrait of Captain Ross*.—R. B. FAULKNER. No. 302. *Entrance to Caudebec*.—C. R. STANLEY. No. 386. *Gibraltar*.—C. H. SEAFORTH. No. 412. *Portrait of C. W. H. Freeman Esq.*.—W. PATTEN. No. 416. *Portrait of Dr. Blackwall, M. D. of Exeter*.—W. YELLOWLEES. No. 418. *Road Scene near Arminster*.—F. W. WATTS. No. 420. *Portraits of Hunters*.—T. WOODWARD. No. 492. *Flowers*.—MRS. POPE; and No. 790. *The Ross of Tully Veolan*.—W. BOOTH.

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.

(Concluded from page 150.)

On the paucity of contributions from the more eminent among the profession, we have already remarked, and we may observe that there are fewer designs than usual for buildings actually intended to be executed. What there are, are neither of the most important class nor particularly striking in themselves.

Among this latter class the first which presents itself, according to the numerical arrangement, is No. 822. *Public Hall, &c. Chippenham, Wilts*.—J. THOMSON. Although in no particular style, or rather one combining the elements of widely different styles, there is much cleverness and ability manifested in this subject, and likewise sufficient consistency. There is a breadth and boldness about it well befitting the purpose of the building, which is very sparingly ornamented, yet really chaste and simple—two merits more frequently sacrificed to, than promoted by economy. The coloring too of this drawing is not so flattering as to have seduced our judgment, for it is not particularly attractive in that respect. No. 885. *House now erecting at Gracedieu, &c.*.—W. RAILTON, is a very modest and unambitious, but a singularly pleasing specimen of the Tudor style. If it has not quite so much finery, neither does it exhibit any of that meanness and carelessness which so frequently offend in far more pretending designs of the same class.

No. 886. *A Design submitted to the Fishmongers Company*—W. GRELLIER, has far more architectural effect than the one adopted and now executed, is more Grecian in its taste, and exhibits a truer feeling for the beauties of the Ionic style. Besides this there are one or two other designs for the same purpose, and their being now first introduced, is not expressive of much promise in regard to newer undertakings.

No. 894. *Perspective View of the Indigent Blind School, St. George's Fields*.—H. ST. HILL. We doubt whether this be the design actually intended for execution, its extent being such as would render it one of the largest structures in the metropolis, far exceeding in magnitude any other modern edifice here in the same style. The drawing itself is cold and hard, without any thing to set off the building; but the design is a good specimen of Gothic—somewhat too monotonous, perhaps, owing to the exceedingly long double range of windows, and to the want of greater variety in the plan and outline; neither is there that diversity in the individual features that such a great extent of front seems to require.

No. 897. *Design for an Academy for the Study of the Fine Arts*. J. WALKER. We are almost tempted to think that the title of this drawing has been altered in order to secure its admission, and that it is more likely to have been intended as an idea for the National Gallery. It certainly is not a little strange that no one should have thought it worth while to show what he could make of a subject which certainly affords quite as much scope for architectural display and invention, as any of those wherein designers are wont to give the reins to their fancy. As far as external character goes, this design would just as well suit for a National Gallery, as for what it professes to be. The octastyle Corinthian portico is to the full as classical and dignified, as that which is to grace Trafalgar Square; for the entablature and pediment are of a piece with the fluted columns. Neither do we object to the introduction of lesser Corinthian order along the other parts of the front, for, while it serves both to give greater importance to the portico and variety to the whole, it also contributes to maintain the same degree of decoration throughout. No windows appear, not even in the very elevated tambours of the domes, and as their lanthorns are exceedingly small—rather ornamental apices than any thing else, we do not see how sufficient light could be admitted into the interior of the domes.

No. 904. *The North London Hospital, Gower Street*—A. AINGER, is as homely and plain as the preceding subject is conspicuous for its studied display; so very plain indeed as to look quite insipid

when shown in an elevation ; nor do we see wherefore drawings of this class should be admissible while plans and sections, whatever be their interest, are not considered fit for a public exhibition.

907. *The New Street and English Opera House now erecting.*—J. BRAZLEY. Striking as it will be in itself, as a public improvement, this street will not be remarkable for any thing very superior in its architectural character ; nor will the front of the theatre bear rigid criticism. It will be as handsome as six good-sized, fluted Corinthian columns can make it ; and, some twenty years ago, it would have been considered a very classical and noble affair, but columns are no longer rarities with us, and we now begin to look for some further evidence of invention and taste before we award particular commendation to the architect. What chiefly distinguishes the portico here is that the columns are coupled at the angles.

No. 919. *Design for a castellated Mansion.*—C. W. E. EDMONDS, is in a far more pleasing style than its title seems to announce, for we must confess that the term “castellated” is in no very great credit with us, in consequence of its being generally applied to houses as much unlike castles as they are at variance with those later and more congenial models of domestic architecture our ancestors have left us. Instead of that affectation of rudeness and also of a certain military aspect, which may generally be looked for when such a designation is adopted, this design recommends itself by elegance and ornamental finish, by its exceedingly picturesque, although perfectly symmetrical arrangement, and by an unostentatious air of comfort. The carriage porch is well contrived, and looks properly compacted with the rest, and not, as is too frequently the case with things for the same purpose, a mere excrescence jutting out from the building, resting only upon a slender support at each angle.

No. 925. *Intended Suspension Bridge, Lambeth.*—F. GOODWIN. Both originality and propriety of character are observable here : the piers from which the chains are suspended assume the appearance of rich gothic gate towers, so that while the structure would be altogether a novelty among the other bridges over the Thames, it would be in keeping with the principal objects in its immediate vicinity—with the buildings of Lambeth Palace, and those lower down at Westminster. If not intrinsically preferable to piers of plain solid masonry, these at least accord quite as well with the character of lightness inevitable in the rest of the fabric ; while, in the other case, the apparent contrast between the masses of stone work that support the chains, and the chains themselves, is apt to make the one appear too heavy,

the other too slight. No. 592. *The proposed Free Grammar School, Birmingham*, is also highly creditable to Mr. Goodwin's ability. This, it appears, was one of the designs which obtained a premium, although it is not the one actually adopted. How far superior merit justified the choice in favor of Mr. Barry's, we do not know: should it really have been the best sent in, the people of Birmingham will have reason to consider themselves very fortunate, for there is much to admire in Mr. G's design. The parts are well disposed, the leading features well marked, and there is also a good deal of originality in several parts of the detail.

No. 958. *East View of Cossey Hall, Norfolk*.—J. C. BRIKLER. Although very subordinate to many other parts of a residence which affords such ample illustrations of old English domestic architecture, and which affords such incontestible proofs of the superior taste of the late Lady Stafford, this front exhibits numerous beauties—many of them unpretending, but all exquisitely finished,—replete with character and expression. As regards the sentiment of architecture, Cossey Hall is as superior to Fonthill, as the latter to Strawberry Hill. It is in fact one of those few things of its kind, which, the more carefully it is studied, the more admirable must it be confessed to be. The day will, therefore, we hope, arrive, when Mr. B. will give its beauties to the public in a suitable volume, accompanied by a critical commentary from his own pen.

No. 1017. *Proposed new Front, Armourers' and Braziers' Hall, Coleman Street*.—J. H. GOOD. If we stop to notice this piece of architecture, while we pass over so many other designs fully equal to it in merit, several very superior, it is for the purpose of expressing our surprise at finding a style so indifferent in itself, and so remote from the general architectural school of the present day here brought forward. An exceedingly plain Roman Doric, distyle in antis, with a small window and mezzanine above, on each side of the centre, strikes us as a very ordinary compilation from trivial and now almost universally exploded materials; neither is there any thing in the treatment of them that makes amends for the want of more positive beauty in the order. Very different from—we need not say superior to this, although equally plain in its leading features is No. 1020, *A design for an Architectural Institution*.—J. H. TAYLOR. If not perfectly original, there is at least something unusual,—certainly very classical, picturesque, and effective, in the disposition of the columns, which are continued between the portico and the extremities of the building, so as to produce a very powerful opposition of light and shade, and

marked decision of character. Of mere embellishment there is very little, yet what there is, is in good taste, and heightens the general expression.

It may be thought strange that we have not as yet said a word of any of the interiors : but we have purposely reserved those subjects with the view of noticing them by themselves. Never, indeed, are they so numerous as to form a distinct class, being invariably a very small minority merged in the mass of other drawings. This is to us matter both of surprise and regret, because such subjects admit of greater novelty and variety, and naturally lead themselves to picturesque effect, which in others is for the most part sought by strange extravagances in colour and shadow. Interiors possess furthermore the advantage of positive color as well as form, they admit every variety of hue and material from the flashing sparkle of gilding, and the lustre of marble and other polished surfaces, to the deepest black. After all, it may perhaps be this very circumstance that renders architects so exceedingly shy of what certainly demands greater truth and painter-like feeling in execution than their usual mode of drawing exhibits. We could put up, however, with subordinate merit in this respect, would they but show us their ideas as well as they could.— This year, indeed, we have no right to complain, there being rather more than the average number of interiors, and those by no means deficient either in talent or interest.

Mr. COTTINGHAM has no fewer than four, viz. Nos. 927, 932, 957, 1012, all of them designed for alterations at Cœmbe Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Craven. The first of these which is for a *Louis Quatorze Drawing Room*, pleases us least of any. Of this style, which is by no means to our taste, the chief recommendation seems to be its expensiveness which prevents its being generally adopted, and, so far, its being desecrated by vulgar imitation and parody. In itself it is monotonous both in detail and effect, incapable of achieving any thing beyond pompous glare. So far from aiming at either beauty or meaning of form, it affects merely grotesque oddity of shapes, that would be considered positively uncouth were it not for the richness of material and the lavish display of gilding. A specimen of it may please occasionally, and for a short time, but more than this becomes satiating. We suspect too that Mr. C. is not much more partial to it than we ourselves are ; at least he does not seem to have here treated it *con amore*. The carved work is too meagre, deficient in richness and relief ; neither is there any of the glitter and sparkle of gilding shown in the drawing for what should be gilding looks quite as much

like ornaments painted of a straw color. The perspective, too, is injudiciously treated, owing to the point of distance being taken too near, so that the windows on the side of the room appear of much wider proportions than those at the farther end. The other Nos. the *Elizabethan Entrance Gallery*, the *Elizabethan Entrance*, and the *Entrance to the Great Dining Hall*, are infinitely better both as drawings and designs; they display much more architectural effect and variety; are more rich yet more chaste, and certainly do the artist great credit. Still we must own that we do not admire the pattern of the painted glass in the windows of the gallery, whose blue and red lozenges remind us more than could be wished of Harlequin's jacket.

No. 908. *Eating Room, erecting for G. Cornwall Legh, Esq*; and No. 911, *the Pump Room, at Dorton, Bucks*, both by J. HAKEWILL, are pleasing interiors, although there is nothing very particular in the architecture of either, the chief features of which are the scagliola columns. The first of these is the more striking subject, on account of the accidental light thrown into the room, which sets it off to such advantage, as to make us for a time overlook other deficiencies. No great taste is shown in the carpet, or rather it is very ordinary; yet that, we presume, is put in as a mere indication, without any study being bestowed upon it; not so the chimney piece—which looks small and mean, and has nothing whatever in its design to render it in keeping with the Ionic columns.

No. 938. *Interior View of Rosslyn Chapel*—F. H. ABRAHAM, is no view at all, but merely a large architectural section; why therefore it should be otherwise entitled we do not perceive. If there be any regulation excluding what are professedly drawings of that kind, the admission of them under another and very incorrect designation, only proves the absurdity of such laws, which tend to shut out what the Academy are, after all, fain to take in. Nor is there much more wisdom in prohibiting original designs from being shown in the same manner, if it be allowable to exhibit copies from actual buildings.—This is certainly a very elaborate and beautiful drawing of a curious specimen of architecture: it shows a great deal of pains and patience, and we hope Mr. A. will profit accordingly by the study he has made of the subject.

No. 1014. *Interior View of the new Western Synagogue*—H. E. KENDALL, possesses great merit, and exhibits much beautiful application of Grecian ornament. The mode too, here adopted, for lighting the interior of the building, by small domes in the ceiling, is, in our opinion,

infinitely preferable to that of side windows. While it admits of greater richness and variety of form, it exhibits the architecture to far greater advantage, and produces more brilliancy with less glare. The interior does not appear to be very spacious, but is very elegantly fitted up, and forms a striking picture. Where the building itself is situated we do not know.

No. 1025. *Interior View of Cemetery Chapel*, by the same architect, exhibits him to equal advantage in a very opposite style. The subject itself is more favorable than would be the case in a chapel intended as a place of public worship, the building not being encumbered by pews and galleries, which can hardly be so managed as not to prove more or less eye-sores, and which certainly occasion a very different character from that which is so fascinating in our ancient cathedrals.

No 956. *The New Library at Leigh Park, &c.*—L. VULLIAMY. This subject had almost escaped us, we therefore mention it as the last of interiors, although it is by no means the worst. Had it been placed somewhat lower, we should have been able to examine it better, but we could see enough to convince us of its merit. It is a noble octagonal apartment in the Gothic style, and tastefully fitted up; although it has not all the advantage that might have been given to it, there being no furniture shown in the drawing, and the mirror forming only a blank space. Upon the whole, we consider these interiors the redeeming points of the architectural exhibition this year, and we hope to meet with a greater proportion of such subjects next season, their attention to which would probably give a desirable freshness to the ideas of those who now seem to contemplate nothing beyond a portico or a front, and that too for the most "out-of-the-way" buildings imaginable.

MR. LOUGH'S EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE.

THE works composing the exhibition which Mr. LOUGH has lately opened to the public at his rooms in Great Portland Street, are of a very high character. No. 10, *Hercules and Nessus* is an admirable little marble: the example of female proportion, as displayed in the person of Dejanira, is incomparable. No. 2, *A Monk*, is exceedingly effective: the attitude is easy and natural, the expression strongly indicative of benevolence, and the drapery rich and well disposed. *Duncan's Horses*, and a companion group representing an Olympic struggle between *Athletæ* and lions are modelled with surprising abili-

ty. No. 25: *Maseppa lashed to the Wild Horse*, is a vivid and admirably executed illustration of that popular subject. *Satan and the Serpent* and the prostrate *Somnus* are specimens of Mr. LOUGH's powers in the more colossal style of his Art. The fine attitude of the first, and inimitable proportion of both are conspicuous, and the one in powerful action, the other in repose, present a striking contrast. Where genius and strict propriety are so strongly developed as in the majority of these productions, it is irksome to offer objections, but we would ask Mr. LOUGH if the descending goddess is not a little wanting in compactness? The symmetry of Eve, in No. 12, has probably rendered us hyper-critical. *Orpheus and Cerberus*, (No. 14) is a most animated group, and the *Mercury and other figures*, (No. 23) is scarcely less so. But the grandest and most popular subject in Mr. LOUGH's present exhibition still remains to be noticed; and this is a group, representing the memorable conflict between the *Lapithæ and the Centaurs*, on the occasion of the nuptials of Pirithous. The modelling of this large and numerous group of figures, human and equestrian, engaged in fearful combat, must have been a work of extraordinary labor; but a consciousness of the difficulty of the task before him, appears to have had the effect of calling forth the highest faculties of the artist's genius; for certainly the result is equalled only by his own earlier achievements. The fine action of the figures introduced into the *Battle of the Standard*, formerly exhibited, is familiar to our recollection, and in comparing the more recent work with that unrivalled group, we are perhaps trying it by too severe a test. In spite, however, of what we have fancied—literally we hope—to be a comparative tameness in some of the human combatants, the work is one we have contemplated with a degree of admiration which we should find it difficult to express.

MR. HOLLINS'S EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE.

WE have great satisfaction in pointing the attention of our readers to a little exhibition got up by Mr. PETER HOLLINS, at No. 17, Old Bond Street. A colossal representation of the *Murder of the Innocents*, though not abounding in figures, is a correct and spiritedly executed group. *Conrad and his mistress*—illustrating a passage in the *Corsair* of Byron, are admirable figures. We scarcely know which most to applaud—the characteristic dignity of the male, or the feminine grace and passive gentleness of his fair companion. There are several specimens of Mr. HOLLINS's skill in portraiture, among

which we may mention with especial commendation his bust of the beautiful and accomplished *Mrs. Norton*. We have seen many painted portraits of the lady to which none of the attractions of dress have been wanting,—but nothing so captivating as this simple and unornamented marble. The whole length model of the little daughter of *Mr. Vincent Thompson*, in a recumbent posture, is very graceful; but the most classical performance of the whole, is a group of *Zephyrus and Aurora*, in which the talents of the artist are seen to great advantage: more chaste and beautifully modelled figures can scarcely be conceived. A *Venus* surrounded by Cupids and several other matters add to the variety of the collection.

LETTER FROM THOMAS UWINS, Esq., A., TO THE PROPRIETOR OF THE MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS.

38, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, June 10, 1834.

MAY I beg the favor of you to send the account of the numbers you have furnished me of *THE MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS*, which shall be immediately paid; and I must beg you at the same time to take my name off the List of Subscribers, and to discontinue sending the numbers to my house.

I have now read the Magazine long enough to be convinced that it is not likely to answer my ideas of what a Magazine of the Fine Arts ought to be. I would wish to see a work conducted so liberally and impartially that every member of the profession might be induced to contribute some of the results of his experience towards the general stock of information; a work which every artist should be compelled to buy from its real utility. Now, *ARNOLD'S MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS* never can become such a work, because no one can open any number of it without perceiving that it is the organ of a party, and that its only decided characteristic is a most unphilosophical, unpatriotic, and ungentlemanly hostility to the Royal Academy.

While the Magazine is so conducted it may find a certain number of admirers; but the proprietors must be content with a very limited and partial circulation. I cannot but feel sorry, that, having a work in some measure established, they should not be tempted to extend its circulation by making it conducive to truth and usefulness.

I am, &c.

(Signed)

THOS. UWINS.

[Unconscious of having fairly entitled ourselves to the reproaches so unsparingly heaped upon us in this letter, we feel that we are doing ourselves no more than an act of justice in laying it before our readers, a course, it is presumed, we may venture to take without incurring the additional displeasure of the author, as it came to us unsealed, and, as it would appear, rather for the consideration of others than ourselves. We regret extremely the loss of a subscriber, particularly one who may have been anxious for our welfare; but, as we should still more regret the loss of our self-esteem, and our independence, we can make no concession or apology to Mr. Uwins with a view of procuring the restoration to our lists of the name he has so unceremoniously requested us to cancel.

Mr. Uwins arraigns us as the organ of a party, alleging that the only "decided characteristic" of our Magazine is, "a most unphilosophical, unpatriotic, and ungentlemanly hostility to the Royal Academy;" but Mr. Uwins' accession to the minor honors of that much persecuted Institution is too recent, we apprehend, to admit of his viewing our proceedings with any thing like an impartial vision. Those of our disinterested, or rather unprejudiced readers, who have perused our pages with the least attention, will, we are very sure, do us the credit to allow, that if our Magazine has had any "decided characteristic" at all—and we flatter ourselves that it has—it has been the very reverse of that which Mr. Uwins thinks he has detected in it. Party feeling, and the results of party bias are the ruin of art in England, and, convinced of the fact, we have opposed ourselves to those evils with the utmost determination; and if it has happened in the execution of this irksome duty, that we have expressed our sentiments with rather more freedom of the Royal Academy than of the several rival corporations, it must have arisen from the stronger sense we have entertained of its imperfections; for, notwithstanding Mr. Uwins' suspicions of the contrary, we are, in truth, as little influenced by any one of the number as another. Were we capable of lending ourselves to the purposes of a party, as imputed, we should doubtless regard the censure which Mr. Uwins has thought proper to pass upon us, with feelings very different from those, which, under the circumstances of the case, we actually experience; and having executed our trust conscientiously and to the best of our ability, we leave Mr. Uwins to reconcile himself as he best can to the affront he has offered us, and to the plea he has urged for the withdrawal of his subscription.]

LEAVES FROM MY POCKET-BOOK—SECOND SERIES, NO. V.

"Je dors par nuit, je réve par jour."

Blunders in Costume.—Some curious instances are on record of gross anachronisms committed by painters in regard to costume, such as representing Grecian philosophers with spectacles, and Roman warriors with pistols. Equal absurdities, although of a somewhat different kind, may be met with in works of the present day. In the last volume of *The Keepsake*, for example, there is an illustration which sadly *mistifies* the subject it is intended to elucidate, as it shows us a sick gentleman abed in the vestibule of the house, with the entrance door open! which is certainly an unusual, and so far an original situation, either for a bed or an invalid. Neither is it very intelligible therefore they who are English people in the tale should be metamorphosed into French folks in the engraving. Ridiculous, however, as they are, these blunders are quite venial compared with those into which the editor of *The Keepsake* himself falls, when he attempts novel writing, and, under the pretence of portraying "the follies and foibles of existing life," exhibits a series of arrant tomfooleries. Compared with most of his personages, the clown and pantaloon in a pantomime are staid and serious characters. He seems determined that his pleasantry shall be felt, for it is all of a truly tangible and practical nature, such as gentlemen either losing their own wigs or catching old ladies without theirs; sousing into water, climbing up chimneys—old women tumbling into cellars, or young ones climbing over walls, and getting into garret windows,—and orators in the House of Commons attired in pea-green coats, pink waistcoats, and breeches of white satin and gold! Besides the indelicate verses which constitute the greater part of his book, he favors his readers with such delicate ones as that where one of his fine ladies washes her legs in the presence of a favored male visitor. He also enlightens our ignorance by showing that the manners and the language of Billingsgate and the gin-shops are to be met with in the drawing-rooms of Grosvenor Square; that mammas box gentlemen's ears, while their daughters make use of such *lively* expressions as "my beastly sister!!" and, to use the author's phraseology, get drunk as a piper. Speaking of this precious production, one confoundedly good-natured critic observes, that his characters are "*drawn forcibly.*" Most assuredly the expressions he has put into their mouths are forcible enough. Both his force and his drawing, however, are those of a caricaturist, therefore, not at all to my taste;

for I am one of those who prefer the milk-sop feebleness of a Lawrence to the force and energy of a Tom Hood, or a George Cruikshanks. It is to be regretted that the author did not put a little more force into his title, which he easily might have done, by appropriately naming his work after his two pet characters, and calling it—**TRASH!**

Still Life.—In proportion as this branch of painting excludes the more intellectual part of the art; it manifests the power of the mechanical one. It gives us the triumph of execution, effect, and illusion,—exhibits all the mastery of color, and light and shade. If not very elevated in itself, it is by no means contemptible, although those who pursue it, seem inclined to render it so, by generally selecting the most ordinary and uninteresting objects. However cleverly painted, a plate of pippins or oranges—such as Oliver annually exhibits on the walls of the Royal Academy—is hardly worth looking at, certainly not worth hanging up in a frame any where else. Neither does Lance show a very refined taste when he produces a striking portrait of a huge joint of beef, literally *au naturel*, and as unsophisticated as when it came from the butcher's shop. In spite of its "lovely white and red" such an object is not the most delicate ornament for a drawing-room,—in fact rather an awkward and disagreeable one should the company happen to be talking sentiment. In a dining room—it is still worse. Surely it would be better, as the merit after all lies chiefly in exactness of imitation—to make choice of such objects as are both attractive and interesting in themselves. Surely a mosaic table, for instance, would be as well worth the pains bestowed in copying it, and exhibit the artist's skill quite as much to advantage, as one of plain oak or other ordinary material—or a golden vase chased by Benvenuto Cellini, be as well worth looking at as a jar that may be purchased for a shilling. We should then obtain a double gratification—that resulting from the masterly execution and fidelity of the picture, and that arising from the intrinsic beauty and value of the things represented. The skill of the painter would then worthily reflect, the skill and taste shown in works of art and taste of a different class—objects rather more refined and instructive than walnuts or oranges, fiddles or fat beef.

Simple Tastes.—Far more cultivation and refinement are requisite for the formation of truly simple and unsophisticated taste than the world are apt to imagine. Paradoxical as it may sound, the taste of the savage, or of the uneducated man—that is, of those who follow only the instincts of nature, are for the most part in opposition to

that which is termed "natural." Among people of fashion—the devotees of folly, vanity, and caprice, we do not look for it, but if we go to the opposite extreme of society in the hope of finding it, we shall be sadly disappointed. Antipodal as they are in their position, both classes are nearly upon a par as regards feeling and taste. They may be not inaptly considered as the opposite poles of the moral world, as remote as it is possible for them to be from each other, and equally distant from that happy middle region so favorable to intellectual and to moral refinement. Both are captivated by noisy or gaudy pleasures, and neither seem to have an idea of any other enjoyment than that which is palpable to sense. Except that the scene and the dresses of the actors are visibly different, there is no very essential difference between a fashionable squeeze and Bartholomew Fair. There is about the same quantity of puppet show in one as in the other: the same noisy emptiness, the same absence of mental relish, neither is the vulgar form of enjoyment a whit less factitious or artificial than the more expensive one. Some persons seem to confound cheap pleasures with simple ones: they decry the parade, etiquette, and affectation of over refinement, but commit an egregious mistake in thinking they display their love of simplicity by patronizing—at least pretending to find something captivating in the rusticity which is the very reverse of those qualities. Want of politeness is not artlessness, nor is mere plain speaking sincerity. Gin drinking sophisticates human nature among the lower orders, quite as much as selfish luxuriousness does among the higher ones. In both classes the want of sound moral education prevents their having any true simplicity either of taste or character; exceptions, however, are numerous, and they are more frequently to be met with among the very high than among the very low. So too, in art, simplicity of taste and unaffected sincerity of feeling are the fruits of long experience, study, and reflection. The works of Raphael and the Elgin marbles are positively caviare to the million—no more to the taste of mere fine ladies and fine gentlemen, than the simplicity of Milton to that of a mere coal-heaver. If, indeed, we consider "simplicity" to be only the synonym of "rudeness," the opinion generally held upon the subject is tolerably correct; but it is really no such thing. Their coarseness does not constitute simplicity of manners; neither does the absence of finish constitute simplicity in works of taste. Few things, in truth, are more remote from genuine simplicity than the ostentatious affectation of it, which, like other affectations, becomes offensive and ridiculous by the very means adopted for the purpose of exciting admiration. So very far too is simplicity from

being easy of attainment, that it is, of all qualities, one of the most difficult to hit, in art.

Mending the Matter.—The Morning Chronicle has a most curious way of its own, of making reparation for an offence. Not satisfied with having given two bits of quiz upon Harriet Martineau, in one of its critiques on the exhibition at Somerset House, it publishes them again under the pretence of apologizing for them, and thus drags them far more pointedly into notice than at first. This reminds me of a story I have either read or dreamed, where a man, in his rage against some one who has rudely run against his wife, and almost knocked her down, having no weapon, snatches up his fair rib, and makes use of her as a cudgel, with which he soundly belabours the offender; so that the poor redressed lady is far worse off than ever. It is after this blundering fashion that the Chronicle castigates its own uncourteous writer, and manifests its concern for poor Harriet; for, while the former is merely censured as ill-natured, not one particle of the ill nature itself is spared, not even the *spretæ injuria formæ*, the intolerably caustic remark that nothing she has written can operate so powerfully as a "check to population," as her own portrait would, if prefixed to her works by way of frontispiece.

Problem in Painting.—All that regards form may be satisfactorily accomplished by mere lines; whatever, also, relates to local color, harmony of color, and to the positive situation of shadows may be competently achieved by the pencil. Not so, however, what regards light and its influence on color; because not only are extreme delicacy and correctness of eye requisite to seize all their indefinable *nuances*, but because painting itself can only describe light—that is, can only show its relative, not its positive effects. The painter has nothing more luminous for his purpose than pure white, which is itself affected and modified according to the degree of actual light that happens to fall on the picture. Hence, in order to represent sunshine, he is obliged, since he cannot increase light on those parts, to decrease it in others. The tone of his most brilliant lights does not exceed that of the colors themselves when on his palette,—is no more than what he would employ were he to represent the same objects as beheld in ordinary day-light. He attains the effect indeed by giving the same relative opposition of tone, but then it is by departing from nature, because, instead of receiving less light than before, objects upon which the sun does not fall when it is shining, receive more than they do in ordinary day-light. If, for instance, we are sitting in a room not exposed to the sun, and it suddenly breaks forth, we are sensible of a very great increase of light, although both our-

selves and the objects around us are perfectly in shade. In painting, moreover, the difficulty is not how to produce the effect of sunshine, but rather to give that of ordinary daylight: even although there is hardly any positive shadow, and no forcible opposition of tone, every object has its due relief, in a manner equally remote from the insipidity of Chinese painting, and the exaggerated depth of shadow our painters have recourse to, as the only means of avoiding flatness.

Turner's Invention.—Turner is of a very different school from Leigh Hunt, for, while the latter is enthusiastically enamoured with green trees and green fields, the painter prefers them of any other color. He gives us a new and improved edition of nature, wherein we behold yellow skies, blue trees, white hills, and grass of any other hue than green. His colouring is quite a capriccio—harmonious, gay, nosegay-like, but not real. Neither does architecture escape his emendations:—witness that bit in his "*Fountain of Indolence*," which proves that his ideas of the Ionic style are very different indeed from those of the Greeks. He has there produced quite a new order, proportioned rather after the longitude of Carus Wilson than after the symmetry of an Apollo. Unluckily, however, his originality here has been forestalled by the real stone pillars in the court of Furnival's Inn; if, as may be the case, Turner has not actually taken that unique example as his model. After all, too, he does not seem to have quite made up his mind as to the excellence of his building, for he has almost obliterated it again by smearing it—shadows and all, over with white. Drawing, in fact, there is none, either in this or any other part of the picture, which altogether answers far better to Milton's description of death than Corbould's personification of it does; for it

"Shape hath none,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;"

certainly none distinguishable in any member of the architecture. If the ideal in painting be the reverse of the real, Turner is one of the most ideal artists that ever existed—infinitely too much so, to please so prosaic and prosy a creature as myself.

THE PAINTER'S PROGRESS.

BY J. C. MERCIER, ESQ.

O Painting! matchless Art, whose pencil gives
Immortal date to every form that lives,
Whose power embodies all the dreams of thought
And calls up bright creations out of nought,
'Tis thine to hold soft sway o'er every mind
And charm alike the simple, the refined!

Nature's twin sister ! Nature's child in thee
 Untaught, unlearned whate'er is fair may see,
 And scorn fastidious rules which but controul
 The free emotions of th' enraptured soul ;
 But few of all that on the grand, the great,
 In wonder gaze, are born to emulate ;
 But few of all, enchantress ! that admire
 Thy marvels may to wield thy wand aspire :
 And why should fools because with fools' delight
 They stare at Art's illusions strange and bright,
 Dream they catch inspiration as they gape
 And straight essay thy miracles to ape ?
 'Tis but the tribute to a power divine
 That Ignorance brings presumptuous to her shrine !
 'Tis but the proof of her resistless sway,
 That prompts aspirings in the heaviest clay ;
 And as her smiles, her favours, where they fall
 In golden showers descend enriching all ;
 And as her votaries gifted high she brings
 To stand by *Aer* ennobled before kings,
 Each grovelling reptile who can lift his eyes
 Above his native slough and long to rise,
 Would grasp at Painting's skirt, her honors claim,
 Dub himself artist and *disgrace* the name.

Indignant to behold the noblest art
 Dishonored, would not every generous heart
 That burns t'assert true merit's injured cause,
 And right direct the course of just applause,
 Mark such pretenders base where'er they be,
 And give them to contempt and infamy ?
 Hard were the task to whomso'er 'twould fall
 When knaves and fools abound, to whelm them all :
 Still should th' indignant censor *not* refrain,
 Who prostrates even *but one* fights not in vain.
 For me though small my skill and weak my hand,
 Firm for "the arts" a champion bold I stand,
 And nobly here a great example set
 To be by errant hundreds followed yet !
 Forth from the host of *quacks* I single *one*
 For hollow ignorance excelled by none,
 Who, gulling mankind as a painter *once*,
 Was damned by candid critics for a dunce ;
 And then turned doctor with such far-famed skill,
 That schools have envied him his power to kill !
 Who has not heard of wonder working Jack,
 Not him that slew the giants but *the quack*,
 Who dared death's black coat legions lancet armed,
 Who braved "the faculty" yet 'scaped unharmed ?
 Who has not heard ? Then circle here round me,
 'Tis mine t'immortalize this prodigy !
 'Tis mine to track this comet's path of flame,
 And show the world from whence the wanderer came !
 But let not him who sees Nile's waters rise
 And as they flow the nations fertilize,
 Despise the river when he finds it springs
 From origin obscure like other things :
 We go not to the Nile—our hero's course
 Nearer to Shannon's dates its own high source.

There is in Munster an outlandish breed
 Abhorred by all of true Milesian seed,
 And Palentines yclept, the name implies
 All that a genuine Paddy must despise.

For what to Paddy can more odious be
 Than—quiet sober frugal industry!
 Detested race! they peaceful till the soil
 And plant and plough 'mid scenes of blood and broil;
 'Gainst papist influence give their honest votes,
 And watchful guard their own and landlords' throats!
 What heinous crimes! especially when found
 In curst encroachers upon Irish ground.
 A pair of this strange stock you needs must know
 Dwelt poor in mud built cot some years ago,
 A thrifty couple were they, and renowned
 For handicraft through all the hamlets round;
 A basket maker he and hampers wrought
 The best that ever eggs to market brought;
 The dame with rushes well rebottomed chairs
 And well at neighbouring mart retailed their wares.
 A son they had, a *gorsoon* tall and slim
 And ill in sooth went labour down with him,
 Far better was he formed to *beg* than dig,
 Beat at the ridge by boys scarce half so big,
 Yet still a youth of latent parts was he,
 To fame aspiring from his mother's knee,
 And destined high exalted yet to claim
 The honors due to ———'s noble name.
 From earliest age he viewed with secret scorn
 The humble rank in which his sires were born,
 From earliest age he veiled in darkest guise
 The arts by which he hoped at length to rise;
 In embryo then the quack well practised how
 To brave deserved contempt with brazen brow;
 To cover ignorance with brag and boast
 And most to swagger when he quailed the most.
 Full soon his opening talent was displayed
 In signs prognostic of his future trade;
 Full soon the brush he handled and *scrubbed backs*,
 Though not as yet of knights and lords, but—hacks!
 For Jack, of more congenial sports debarred,
 Would sling about Squire Meanwell's stable yard,
 And help to trim the nags, the kennel clean,—
 If light the task, he never cared how mean.
 And 'twere a lesson in the courtier's art,
 Who fawns the most where most he hates at heart;
 To see how meekly Jacky would succumb
 To the rude usage of the saucy groom;
 Bear gibes and jeers that roused his churlish gall,
 To linger still inside the court-yard wall;
 And take the roughest treatment but as play
 That happened only in promotion's way.
 The cunning rogue! full clearly could he trace
 The devious paths that lead to power and place!
 Full calmly calculate the cuffs and kicks
 He must endure before allowed to mix
 On equal terms at kitchen board and fire
 With "reglar" livery servants of a squire!
 'Twere vain to tell the various means he took
 To curry favor with the surly cook;
 How knife-board practice and insidious wiles
 Won o'er, at length, the butler's tardy smiles;
 How he'd contrive, when others were too slow,
 In master's way *by chance* himself to throw,
 To hold the stirrup or to ope the gate,
 With air obsequious, and uncovered pate;
 Suffice it of his arts to say "they took"
 The Squire himself observed his servile look,

Asked who he was—a *long* account received,
And bade the ragged loungee be relieved.

Slight not even small advantage, if thou'rt wise,
How oft from trifles revolutions rise !
To win even paupers' notice from the great
May raise a beggar oft to equal state.
To what mean incidents may Jack ascribe
(But there's no candour in your upstart tribe,)
The glories he achieved in after days,
The pride of living in these noble lays !
From merest chance his taste for painting sprung,
But *how*, remains, O goddess, to be sung.

Known to the master in a sort of way,
He's now "Jack in the kitchen," every day,
And bolder daily grows until he dares
At length to show his vulgar nose up stairs ;
For, you must know, a hankering he had got
To see fine things, as who indeed has not ?
And now the family were out he knew,
And so was Bess the sulky housemaid, too.
Scraping ere he went up, with reverence meet,
His shoes ? No ! but the "big dirt" off his feet ;
He creeps on tiptoe through the silent rooms,
Like body-snatcher stealing 'mid the tombs ;
And lanks ! what grandeur bursts upon his eyes !
And how he stutters in his first surprize !
"Y—y—y—yearrah ! what a sight to see !
It's here myself, in style, would like to be !
Such *flim flams*, to be sure, my thinking *bates*,
But how I'd *stretch upon them soft sates* !
How Bess has polished up that brass *hob* there,
And made *them* tables shine like *chany ware* !
That great *gould* looking-glass *forment* me shows
Myself *completely* to my naked toes ;
But tear-an-ages ! is them pigs beyand ?
What brings the pigs into a place so grand ?
And see all them wild ducks *agen* the wall,
Faiks, they seem stuck there, feathers, legs, and all !"
By these, above all other objects, struck,
Jack nearer comes to see how they were "stuck."
He found 'twas only paint that mocked his sight,
And view'd the illusive shadows with delight.
Some human hand these wonders could achieve,
O, might he but with equal skill deceive !
Delightful thought ! by pencil, tongue, or pen
To cheat, delude, dupe, gull, and humbug men !
To cheat, as painter, then seemed easiest,
To cheat, as quack, long since has proved the best ;
Each low pursuit from this blest hour he scorns,
And all the god in Jacky's bosom burns,
To paint, heaven prompted, ardent he essayed,
For painting he, if ever man, was made ;
With taste divine, by sucking pigs inspired !
With rage pictorial by a wild duck fired !

Behold our Proteus, now in change the first,
From stable loungee into student burst !
A worthy student he of peaceful art,
With callous feeling and remorseless heart !
He draws at once, but what ? O omen good,
The first thing Jacky ever draws is—blood !

Blood from his pin-pricked finger ! such the red
 That on his maiden sketch the tyro spread !
 Blood from *himself* ! As thus to sign the scroll,
 That——horrid compact ! gave away his soul !
 'Tis harsh to say so yet 'twere hard to doubt
 A truth by after deeds so well borne out ;
 For from the time those drops accursed fell,
 To every tenderer thought he bade farewell ;
 Like a fleshed blood hound raged he from that hour,
 And all the weak, the helpless, felt his power,
 The cat——his mother's cat ! was all but flayed
 That of her fur his pencils might be made !
 The pig alive was scalded 'gainst all rules
 To yield the bristles for his " hog hair tools !"
 The gander's wing he broke, nor deemed it sin,
 In pulling quills to insert his brushes in !
 These were but preludes to much deeper guilt,
 As yet no life-blood by his hand was spilt ;
 But when his primer's prints were copied all
 And ranged in order round the sooty wall ;
 When punch-jugs, stamped with Wellington and Fame,
 Or Erin circled with O'Connell's name.
 Had his young pencil into training brought,
 Then fitter subjects for his powers he sought ;
 Then he reverted to *the duck* that formed
 His taste at first, his fancy still that warmed ;
 To rival it was now our hero's pride,
 And for that wish how many ducks have died !
 Thus mighty monarchs bent on high emprise,
 Devote their realms, their subjects sacrifice,
 Nor pause to think how many thousands bleed,—
 What's waste of blood to kings if they succeed !
 And now begins the war with ducks and drakes,
 And now sad havoc 'mongst the geese he makes !
 Not Reynard when in hungriest mood he prowls
 Was half so dreaded by the trembling fowls !
 The hen he severed from her cackling brood,
 The gallant cock in vain his might withstood,
 The turkey from the eggs on which she lay
 For many weeks—just hatched—he tore away ;
 Even for the rabbits he laid traps and snares,
 And oft contrived to pounce on dosing hares !
 Such was his choice of subjects then and since,
 The noble choice ! his tasteful works evince ;
 In such did Morland's cultivated mind
 High pleasure oft and high excitement find :
 But Morland had his faults, what e'er he drew
 Had life, truth, spirit, aye and feeling too ;
 While *surer* paths bold Jacky's genius took,
 And viewing game like some experienced cook,
 He deemed an Artist however deeply skilled,
 Could never manage it except 'twas killed !

But for this love of death, this thirst of blood,
 Of course our hero had his reasons good ;
 A sort of Epicure the most he made
 Of every pleasure e're its bloom could fade ;
 And subjects treated thus you know would bring
 With painting's joys the joys of butchering !
 To maim ! to slay ! O what a pleasing task !
 A more delightful Jacky ne'er would ask ;
 And could he but enough of prey obtain,
 Or kill his victims o'er and o'er again,

The world his brilliant genius might have lost,
 And painting's, physick's purposes be crost!
 And then to *pose* aright each stiffening limb,
 This was another luxury to him!
 To make those legs and wings which *living* fled
 His grasp, and mocked his pencil, now when dead
 Obey his mighty mandates, hang or lie,
 Just as it pleased his sovereign majesty!
 With such enjoyments from his murderous knife
 Who, who shall wonder that he hated life,
 That all the prey he seized as surely bled,
 That what he drew in every sense was dead?
 Shades of the mangled ducks by Jacky slain!
 Ghosts of the rabbits from your warren ta'en,
 Rise not to scare his soul with visage grim,
 For nobler quarry since has fallen by him!
 The mother since has curst him for her child,
 The young, the fair, the amiable beguiled
 By specious words, to trust the fearful skill
 Of quack, thus practised all his life to kill!
 The husband too his imprecations deep,
 (They bitterest feel who least are seen to weep)
 Has poured on him whose arts destroyed the wife,
 Still a young matron in the bloom of life!
 And crowds of victims who through him have found
 An early grave, come nightly hovering round
 His sleepless pillow, driving rest away,
 And hurrying *him* to premature decay!
 Alas poor ghosts! in vain ye gather there,
 In vain, in vain, his guilty soul ye scare;
 The rabbit scowls in vain, as grins the hare,
 He your fell foe declines not thus away,
 His soul shall linger still though wastes his clay,
 Till open judgment on the murderer fall,
 And *noose* (not poacher's) yet avenge ye all!

By practice what will genius not effect!
 Daub then ye painters! leeches then dissect!
 By practice, Jack to eminence arrives,
 And soon 's the wonder of the farmers' wives,
 Who come in crowds to see each missing hen,
 And long-lost gander, now restored again,
 (I mean in semblance) and suspended all,
 Like Bluebeard's murdered dames around the wall.
 Much they the shadows of their fowls admire,
 But of *the substance* vainly all enquire.
 Poor women! had they but their gosling's wit,
 They'd seen at once by whom they had been bit;
 But 'twas past all suspecting or believing
 That son of boncat sire should turn to thieving,
 Should play the fox that as himself gave out
 Unkill'd, uncaught, so long had prowld about!

And now to ears polite extends his fame,
 And soon the neighbouring gentry curious came,
 To see the self-taught prodigy, and praise
 In his bold efforts, Nature's wond'rous ways!
 And now to generous feelings all alive,
 In gifts munificent they nobly strive,
 Who shall assist the rising genius most!
 Who be most liberal, at—the smallest cost!
 Now, one a box of gritty colours brings,
 Another, on his desk some pencils flings;

The next a few loose sheets of foolscap sends,—
A fourth his own rude drawings kindly lends !
Each his exertions self-complacent viewed,
And mark'd down debts of endless gratitude ;
Thanks to your open hands—your generous hearts,
Ye half-crown patrons of the liberal arts !

And now how oft the quality will call,
How much does Jack's improvement charm them all !
This gentleman a mallard's red bill strikes
That hanging hare another highly likes.
Jack wisely takes the hint as they were meant
And home the precious daubs forthwith are sent.
This shoots a brace of snipe or two for Jack,
And in a week receives the pictures back.
That shows the lines of beauty in his hound,
And straight its portrait in his hall is found.
All these the world styled patrons, and why not ?
Who dares dispute the honoured name they got ?
Did they not all his offered gifts receive ?
Did they not all their commendations give ?
Did they not all, *desirous to befriend*,
To others, like themselves, the ninny send,
Who just as kindly took what'er he brought,
But you'll remember only *took*—not bought,
O, they were patrons, or, who says so—*lies*,
And well conceived what patronage implies ;
To take, not by, but *out of* the stretched hand,
Not boons to grant but *service to demand*,
In promise each aspiring wish to crown,
In fact to *sink the struggler deeper down* ;
This was the art they studied, this the plan
Of *would be* patrons since the world began.

Poor Jacky ! knave although he was at heart,
We can magnanimously take his part !
"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,"
Talk of the class we're all at once combined !
Formed as he was to dupe far wiser men,
He was himself a little humbugged then.
Still, still assiduous, with his brush he wrought,
Though small indeed the gains his labours brought ;
Scarce for the rag on which his paint was laid
Could he of all he earned as yet have paid ;
But he looked forward still and lived in hopes,
And still was rich were we to speak in tropes.
Already in idea fitted out,
With new frieze coat and sheepskin breeches stout,
And bound to take degrees of art in Cork,
That city famed for brogue leather and pork !
That New South Wales where convict casts are sent
Poor dumb things ! into barbarous banishment !
Or haply taking Dublin in his tour,
Superb metropolis of nation poor ;
Where all you see abroad is fairy show,
Where every thing within is but so so,
Where there is a society whose schools
Of art most happily dispense with rules ;
And joyous youths may dance about like elves,
Or if they're studious may *instruct themselves*.
Where there is an academy beside
Of modern times the glory and the pride,
Composed of such a host of mighty men,
Such "first-rate geniuses," that even my pen

Used as it is to lofty themes, is fain
 To sue for respite here—it sues in vain,
 On, on! the greater task the greater glory,
 Such worthies ne'er before have graced a story!
 But ask not of their names—there are too many;
 Nor of their virtues—can they boast of any?
 But of their deeds, pretensions, and so forth,
 You'll hear as much as such a subject's worth.
 Some work in oils, with touch, with taste divine,
 Yet stoop to paint a scutcheon or a sign;
 Conceiving rightly that the R. H. A.
Can't be degraded, do whate'er they may.
 Some giants are—in *miniature* I mean,
 Whose things might pass perhaps upon a screen,
 But praise their scraps, their "spouting's" sure to follow,
 And who such thrice damned stuff could ever swallow?
 Some "drawing masters" are, whose envied trade is
 Pursued exclusively 'mongst nice young ladies,
 Training their pretty hands to copy roses,
 In reds the "ditto" of their own snub noses!
 This paints "the first pair" for a Roman chapel,
 Nor knows if "th'apple" ate Eve, or Eve the apple!
 That cuts your lakes, plans pleasure grounds, and gardens,
 Yet can't distinguish flower-pots from—jordens!
 One thunders forth for hours on architecture,
 The next on painting gives a *modest* lecture;—
 This in his art all *nature* disregards,
 That ne'er could build but with a pack of cards!
 In short, all hollow, but all boastful still,
 The list's made up of such as want of skill
 Should leave to starve, where manufactories flourish,
 Where manufacturing taste at least they nourish;
 Where snuff-boxes and tea-trays are *well* painted,
 And patterns for shawl borders are invented!
 Then come dolt artizans of every grade,
 Who've given your years in vain to learn your trade,
 Who find no Sheffield factory so scant
 Of hands, and prest with orders, as to grant
 Your humble prayer, and take ye in to toil
 'Mongst men whose better labours ye should spoil,
 Hither come ye, and all who far and wide
 Must beg your bread to *earn* unqualified!
 Hither ye vagrants! this your resting place,
 This list, these walls, your names, your works, will grace;
 Blush not for tinker habits, scoundrel looks,
 Such grand distinction covers all, and, zooks!
 You'll learn from them or all your brains are gone
 High airs, gruff bearing, swaggering and so on.

Ye "maul stick knobs!" ye "top lights" of the art!
 Well know ye to sustain your arduous part,
 To swell bombastic, to look big and proud
 On the small fry, the undistinguished crowd,
 That at your April levees sue for *place*,
 And deprecate foul play as special grace,
 Begging *long cords* of your Jack Ketch committee,—
 Begging *low hanging* as an act of pity!
 Well know, ye body politic! to hold
 Your iron sway despotic uncontrolled,
 To strengthen factious power by craft and guile,
 By low intrigue and despicable wile;
 Well know ye to decide where interests jar,
 With whom to league, on whom to wage the war,—

But here indeed ye sometimes make mistake,
 Pray be more cautious henceforth *for our sake!*
 Able tacticians! ye can well dispose
 Your own brave gewgaws in your annual shows;
 Well skilled of little things to make the most,
 And shine conspicuous at your neighbour's cost!
 No blame to ye to keep the blaze of day
 From putting out your farthing candle's ray,
 No blame to pigmies if they foremost stand,
 The *tall* may anywhere a view command!
 Ye know your interest other's growth to mar,
 To keep aspiring talent below par,
 To check ere yet it springs precocious fame,
 To blight the promise and to damn the name;
 For this your * * * ye can pay,
 Ye need but point and they run down the prey.
 The abject dogs! that fawn and lick your hand,
 But worry all beside at your command.
 Shame to the press! if wretches such as these
 Can point, can hurl, its thunders as they please.
 Shame to the press!—hold! what art thou about?
 Why, Muse, thou'rt bent on kicking up a rout!
 "Shame to the press!" that was no word of mine,
 I beg to follow up my first design—
 By finishing my last. I've still to stay,
 Proceed defamers! on your blasting way,
 Crush all that crouch not 'neath *your* fostering wings;
 Cramp *all* you cannot hold in leading strings!
 Let none that stand aloof unsmirched be seen,
 Whelm, sink and scatter!—*if ye can* I mean.
 Who knows not or who scorns the mean intrigue
 The weak resort to in their common league,
 Be sure on him your utmost might to show,
 And lay—*if able*, independence low!
 Where you see diffidence, which often shies
 The post at first, yet wins at length the prize,
 Be sure there's neither power nor spirit there,
 It has no fangs, its vengeance ye may dare;
 Lash on, lash on! fear nothing! never spare!
 Shoot poisoned shafts! *if able*, wholly kill,
 But for more safety keep the covert still!
 And should his happier fortunes call away
 Unhurt to higher sphere your destined prey,
 Exult vain glorious as though *ye* had driven
 The foe to flight, the final blow had given.
 Upon his ruin then your fancy feast,
 And proudly say "we've done for him at least!"
 Exult! for exiled, he's the same as dead,
 And set no more a price upon his head;
 Exult! for far away his name shall rot,
 And silent he will mourn his adverse lot!

Silent! aye silent till his plans be ripe,
 Knotted the lash t'inflict the heavier stripe,
 Raised just so high the arm that on you all
 The well-earned stroke may more severely fall;
 And weak the strength the puniest arm would show
 To crush such nest of spiders at a blow;
 Spiders whose venom injures only flies,
 Whose deadliest malice bees with *stings* despise.
 Poor harmless snarlers! none need fear your bite,
 None heed your bark, and none your growl would fright;
 Foam, toothless dogs! burst, burst ye toads with spite.

We left thee, Jacky, in idea trudging
 From home, but not a step the farther budging ;
 Long longing bootless other skies to see,
 And picturing scenes in Rome or Italy ;
 Nay even in Greece, that famous city, where
 He heard there was such "vartha" in the air,
 That youth who breathed it "wanced" might thenceforth rest
 Of all art's secrets at a gulp possest !
 But though his patrons smiled upon him still
 They only helped him with their right good will ;
 Except Squire Meanwell, who engaged indeed
 To—give him letters should he cross the Tweed !
 But to expect more weighty aid were vain,
 And how could he begin the grand campaign ?
 I'll tell you, but as this is a long story,
 You must with patience get through what's before ye,
 There were three brothers, who, in tottering shed,
 A life of humble independence led,
 Plying the shuttle hard from morn till night,
 And cheerful even in poverty's despire ;
 Their labor and their frugal supper done,
 Their hour of brief enjoyment was begun,
 And what, ye ball room beaux and belles, was this ?
 To read the daily news—unequalled bliss !
 For this they limited their scanty board,
 For this their little savings close would hoard,
 For this their quarterly subscription sent
 At least as duly as they paid their rent,
 Well knew the villagers the hour to meet
 Around their hearth, where all might have a seat,
 (As far as seats would go) where all might stand
 At least, (who could a standing place command)
 For they would oft come crowding to their door
 Till the old crumbling walls contained no more ;
 And sat or stood with most attentive ear,
 How the world went resolved at least to hear !
 And pleased was Bill when the increasing crowd
 Called him to raise his feeble voice aloud ;
 And far more pleased some keen observers said
 When asked for comment on the page he read.

Nor news alone they loved, for they would pore
 Delighted on the page of ancient lore,
 And by their looms and wheels would oft be seen
 The pamphlet worn, the bygone magazine ;
 The antiquated almanack rebound,
 Tracts issued ere good George the third was crowned,
 Not to run o'er the list of songs and sermons,
 And jest books quaint whose age no date determines,
 Nor speak of *tomes* mysterious, darkly hid,
 But sometimes peeped at 'neath the big trunk's lid.

And Jacky loved the old men's converse well,
 For of exaltments wondrous they could tell,
 Of ploughboy's to rich farmers grown, and then
 Riding to fairs in boots like gentlemen !
 Of ostlers into master's shoes that stept,
 Their widows wed, and their post-chaises kept !
 And much he loved to rummage o'er the shelf
 Where lay promiscuous filed old books and delf,
 Not that the books he cared for, but he found
 Sometimes a print that well his labours crowned
 Sometimes a pen-drawn outline of the face,
 With the true oval and the lines of grace !

One day in tumbling o'er the dusty heaps,
 Down from the shelf a blazoned volume leaps,
 'Tis Ireland's Peerage, scutcheons, crests and all,
 How did such treasure to a weaver fall?
 'Twould pose a wiser head than mine to tell,
 Suffice it, Jacky liked the engravings well,
 'Twas something in his line, these monstrous things
 Had tails and talons all, or beaks and wings,
 To copy them his tasks at least 'twould vary,
He'd draw on glass, and could not sure miscarry,
 Then, as they looked so well upon a coach,
 He might upon the herald's walk encroach,
 With coronets enough at his command,
 To ennoble all the beggars of the land.
 Resolved he seized the volume as his prey,
 And bore it in his bosom stowed away.

Heraldic monsters now of every kind,
 Our hero with a ready hand designed;
 Each figure "from the tail to the snout," he knew,
 And what is color if the form be true?
 What matters it if it be red or blue?
 Of all those terms which heralds have by rote,
Or, topaz, diamond, sapphire and what not,
 He nothing knew, what need he care about them?
 He did his business quite as well without them!
 He knew as well as any what looked best,
 Effect he studied—what was all the rest!
 When critics, too particular, demurred,
 He solved their scruples with a single word,
 "Th—th—th—there's *wan* thing of a *sure-e-ty*
 The only thing in colours is *its* purity;
 I *mane*, you know, if *it* is bright, *its* brightness,
 And, if *it* happens to be white, *its* whiteness,
 No *man* will question this—now *if*, suppose,
 That *gruffin* there in black *forment* you rose,—
 Don't start! a bit of barley cake or *praties*
 Would keep him just *afeerd* he'd *ate* us!
 Suppose I say his skin looked black and dirty,
 Would'nt a nice *pay* green look twice as *purty*?
 Of *coorse* I'd have no mind to cut a caper
 And paint the *baste* alive, but then on paper
 You know a body may do what *they please*,
 And yearrah! but its me would make him blaze!
 I'd sport my reds and greens upon the *crathur*,
 And let you see how painting betters *nathur*,
 For my part I'm surprised that *nathur* stinted
 The world in nice shades when they *war inointed*,
 To make the bogs so black, the crags so grey,
 And give *them* nasty smutty browns to clay!
 Bad 'cess to her *war* pinks and *violets* dearer?
 I only wish myself was *standen* near her,
 And if we did'nt get more of sprightly color
 Bright red and showy *yellow* I'm that *muller*!
 But never mind! rather than we should want 'em
 By gemini! on every thing I'll paint 'em!"
 True to his word his gaudiest tints he blends
 And to each subject new *barn* splendor lends;
 Fitzgerald's monkeys draws in *flaming* red,
 On Mayo's steel-clad warriors rose-pink spread,
 To Talbot's dogs assigns king's yellow bright,
 To Mountrath's cootes gives supernatural white!

No matter how you talk about *propriety*,
 He's given to all he draws at least variety ;
 And he who to old things can give new faces,
 Makes genius and invention shift their places ;
 Who need invent when he has but to borrow ?
 To-day's stale joint will do to hash to-morrow.

And vastly Jack's escutcheons are admired,
 And all who see with emulation fir'd,
 And 'twixt ambition's lures and painting's charms,
 He sets the country all agog for arms !
 'Twas not for nothing now at least he wrought,
 Almost as fast as drawn his works were bought ;
 'Twas but a shilling, and the vilest hind
 That ever snuffed his pig-stye in the wind,
 Might have a " picthur " with his own name under,
 To be his son's and son's son's future wonder ;
 A " picthur " with such red and green and yellow,
 It beat the " wans " upon the squire's coach hollow ;
 Besides " at aieh side there was *bastes-like* flying " ^{with which even squire himself ne'er dreamed of vieing ;}
 And then 'twas such a *purty* thing to grace
 The " wan pained windy," or that sooty place
 Above " the chimbley," where it oft has taken
 Its place instead of herrings or fat bacon !
 But as the simple truth we here give solely
 And 'gainst slander set our faces wholly,
 It must to Paddy's credit be confest
 He deemed such gewgaws childish at the least ;
 Arms of another kind more fit for wreaking
 His vengeance on " the Sassenachs " he was seeking ;
 Guns, pistols, carbines, fuses, blunderbusses,
 He well knew might be put to better uses ;
 And when a shilling he could nab, was prouder
 To expend it for supplies of balls and powder,
 'Twas 'mongst his own tribe Jack most chapmen had,
 'Twas his own race he set escutcheon mad,
 Schwoires, Schwoitzers, Smeltschers, and a host of names
 That ne'er before, since Adam's fall, laid claims
 To crests and mottoes, now around him prest,
 Each fighting for the prettiest as the best.
 Peace, noisy fellows, peace ! ye need not brawl ;
 Here are varieties ! enough for all !
 The highest bearings that our noblest boast.
 Are yours to choose from for a trifling cost.
 What would you have ? A lion for your crest !
 Perhaps a cabbage leaf would suit you best !
 You'd like " them things with the big wings and claws,"
 Good friend content yourself with scald jackdaws !
 But Jacky satisfied each modest claim,
 And dignified as fast as suitors came ;
 And may (but he disowns it) safely say,
 He's given more coronets than the king away !
 Thus early practised, when the lucky elf
 Came to set up a handsome coach himself,
 He ne'er required the herald painter's aid
 To help him in the choice of arms he made ;
 And who that coach and bearings e'er has seen
 Must know the choice was any thing but mean.

And now the families around supplied,
 He must for distant settlements provide ;

And for this purpose straight makes up a lot
Of all the *showiest patterns* he had got,
And *his own agent* round the country goes
Like broker with his ready made old clothes ;
Which, *if you wear*, were surely made for you,
And, *but for wear*, were just as good as new,
Where'er Jack roams in his poor scholar fashion,
Amongst his kin he's sure of truss and ration ;
And one in every house at least is willing
On his vile trumpery t'expend a shilling.
Travelling without expense, he keeps the cash
Determined by and bye to "cut a dash ;"
Meantime on men he makes his observations,
Inferring from townlands the state of nations,
And sagely coming to the grand conclusion
That virtue's nothing but a mere illusion ;
That man's a monster on his fellow preying,
And friendship but a word used in betraying ;
That families even feed upon each other,
Father devouring son and brother brother ;
That oaths the solemnest and vows the tenderest
Are daily broke by *wise men* for self interest ;
That the worst human weakness is sincerity,
And honesty's the bane of all prosperity ;
That life's a sea where all must live by "sharking,"
And honor's flung o'erboard upon embarking ;
That we can only keep our vessel swimming,
By calculating chances and by "trimming ;"
That we must hang out peaceful ensigns o'er us,
Yet treacherously bear down all before us.
In short must thrive by other men's undoing,
And build upon the wrecks of those we ruin ;
Must rise by pulling down and trampling under,
And win by snapping all life's ties asunder !

Now formed his principles and filled his pocket,
By high ambition fired up springs the rocket !
But where is't first seen ? in an ancient city,
For many a century famed for girls as pretty
As ever dimpling cheeks and bright eyes sported,
As ever ogled, languished, waltzed or flirted :
And famous too for some as dashing fellows
As ever made an old curmudgeon jealous,
With their resistless Munster brogue and flourish,
The happy mean twixt dandified and boorish.
'Twas to this city—pray dont ask its name,
That Jacky on his first excursion came ;
But not as in his earlier days we've seen him,
With the mere relics of a coat between him
And the rough breeze that played around him, tattering
His rags that danced again to his teeth's chattering !
O no, he'd given all these to his first cousin,
With *other things* we name not by the dozen ;
And from the squire's *own gentleman* had got
A "misfit" suit of master's, not a jot
The worse for wear, and which he need not alter,
It fitted him as tight as— but I falter—
'Tis very rude you know to name a halter.
These with a hat, boots, cane of his own cutting,
And gloves (he found them) set him up for strutting.

Arrived in town the first thing Jacky did
Was to procure a trunk, and on its lid

To have th' initials "brass nalled" of his name,
 The one that now he sports, the one that fame
 Or infamy (but then they're both the same)
 Will hand down *saint*-ed to posterity,
 But not the one that he was christened by,
 O no, poor Molly when she named her child,
 In her simplicity of heart had smiled,
 At any gossip who could think of two,
 When one good plain one just as well would do ;
 And least of all would she have pitched upon
 Our hero's second nominative * * * *
 Divines ! Evangelists ! such holy people !
 Profane their sacred names ! pull down the steeple !
 For lords perhaps she'd wish to see them greatly,
 But bless you, she never heard of them 'till lately ;
 Even if she had, to take a noble sirname,
 Merely because it chanced to sound like *her name*,
 And tag it to her child's as an appendage,
 She'd take th' unsoiled communion cloth to bandage
 His sores, or wrap around the brat's posteriors,
 Ere give such gross offence to her superiors !
 No, no, poor Molly dreamt not of such stuff,
 She dreamed the *long one* given was long enough ;
 And that, when years hence she would have to call
 The urchin in from playing top or ball :
 Or halloo to the grown man at the bog,
 To bring her home at eve a thumping log ;
 The shortest name would be the easiest uttered,
 Yet its a fact poor Molly never *stuttered*.

But Jacky knew that in a world like this
 To have a sounding name is not amiss ;
 And when the trunk was blazoned, and a few things
 Were chose at second hand to look like new things,
 And put therein with a few pounds of slate,
 To give his luggage something more of weight ;
 He locked all up, and straightway looked about
 For handsome chambers, as yet half in doubt
 Whether at Moriarty's he should lodge,
 Or at a boarding-house partake hodge podge,
 These boarding houses you must know, are places
 Where people of each sex may stay the races,
 And where assizes visitors may seek
 And have their board and lodging by the week ;
 Receptacles for—sojourners, not vice,
 Where all *of course* is quite select and nice ;
Commodious homes for strangers—*private inns*,
 But where—or they are much belied—more sins
 Are—talked over, I mean, than they commit ;
 As slander's oft more current here than wit
 But 'twas in one of a superior sort,
 Kept by a lady of the best report,
 That Jacky after due deliberation,
 Resolved (in ballad phrase) to fix his station,
 Considering that in such a place he'd find
 Society, or "something of the kind,"
 Through whom to make himself the sooner known ;
 He rightly judged, as shortly will be shown.

Now gentle reader, very like you fancy,
 That Jacky, followed by his trunk, you can see,
 Trudging up Johnny Raw like to the door,
 And asking for a room on the third floor :

You much mistake; he knew "what's what" too well,
 He went directly to the coach hotel,
 Mounted the mail—drove off two stages smack!
 Alighted and engaged a post chaise back!
 Then through the streets the rattling carriage thundered
 And who he was the loitering townsfolk wondered!
 This was the proper mode of coming souse,
 To beat up quarters at a boarding house;
 And scarcely had the sweltering horses stopped,
 And scarcely from the coach had Jacky hopped,
 When the door opened, as by magic hands,
 The train poured forth and the good lady stands
 Her guest with all due honors to receive,
 And her most hospitable welcome give.
 G—G—G—Good morrow ma'am, fine day,
 Just come from Dublin—posting all the way,
 Intend to stop here a few weeks or so;
 Just have the goodness, ma'am, your *farms* to show,
 Have *letthers* from Lord Tandem, Lady Bore,
 Sir Toby Canter, aye and fifty more,
 But then you know my *thrunk's* not opened yet—
 I hope your best apartments *isn't* let.
 This is a shocking dull back place I fear,
 Pray have you many ladies lodging here?
 Have been directed here by Mrs. Grimes,
 Amuse myself with painting just sometimes,
 Am now engaged to—but, as I'm a sinner
 I think your bell is ringing now for dinner."

Now, though no "Mrs. Grimes" the hostess knew,
 And half-suspected Jack, what could she do?
 There was no time the question to debate,
 The company assembled could not wait,
 He might be what he said—she'd not the face
 At any rate to say—"Sir, leave the place!"
 She'd try him, and, if justified her doubt,
 Why there were gentlemen, to kick him out!
 Tacit permission granted thus to Jack,
 He's in the dining room in half a crack,
 Pops himself next her, first sends in his plate,
 And eats, and drinks, and talks,—and all first rate.

The company, who all had flocked to view
 Th' arrival in the travelling chaise and two,
 And saw the trunk upon the coach top tied,
 And saw the foam that flecked each horse's side,
 And saw the mud that spattered them all over,
 And saw himself too! could not but discover
 In all and each sure signs of consequence—
 He looked responsible at all events;
 And though at quizzing some were wond'rous clever,
 Opinions generally were in his favour.
 Some deemed him rider to a Dublin firm,
 And some a lawyer posting down from term,
 Others a dentist through the country rambling,
 Others again, a sharper, bent on gambling;
 Perhaps some tourist staying here for pleasure,
 As sweet Killarney may be seen at leisure;
 Perhaps some gallant from the Viceroy's court,
 Come down to see those beauties that report
 Had spoke so much of, and that oft were toasted
 By bucks who never saw them, though they boasted

The very thing ! some lady broached the thought,
 In its support the rest would all have fought,
 The dear idea every fair head turned,
 To know and to be known each fair breast burned ;
 He must be every thing that one would like,
 His noble bearing at a glance would strike.
 His sallow face the man of ton confest,
 And then he was so elegantly drest !

Look through the medium of your vanity,
 What can you but the highest excellence see ?
 Perfection only be prepared to find,
 The idol shapes itself to suit your mind,
 Ye who desire exaltment, ne'er despair
 If ye can once win favour with the fair ;
 And to their hearts if we could have access,
 By all your hopes I charge ye—mind your dress !
 This weighs down every merit in the scale,
 This will speak for you when your tongue would fail.
 Take its effects for Jacky as a token,
 Ere by his stammering tongue ten words were spoken,
 The ladies had declared for him, and then
 They're always followed by the gentlemen ;
 What could they help ? They could not for their lives
 Hold out against their sisters and their wives ;
 A pretty world we'd have of it, indeed,
 If gentlemen and ladies disagreed !
 But certes Jack on this eventful day
 His arduous part so cleverly did play,
 That none refused the deference claim'd so well,
 He looked resolved that deference to compel ;
 For 'twas a neck-or-nothing game with him,
 There was no mean—he must, or sink or swim.
 All his pretensions of that doubtful kind,
 In which a flaw the simplest search must find ;
 His manners (blame them not if natural) coarse,
 But in the kitchen polished ten times worse ;
 His mind untutor'd in that ticklish state
 In which it just could feel its wants were great,
 Without the power those vast wants to supply,
 And driven *to art* to hide them from the eye ;
 His only plan was dexterously to raise
 The tinselled gaud above suspicious gaze,
 To dare opinion by a bold display.
 And turn confronted searching eyes away ;
 By *challenging* to silence all objection,
 By *cutting questioning short* to shun detection ;
 To *take precedence* as a thing of course,
 And if—there still were *ifs* dethroned per force,
 Why, impudence must then be his resource.

'Tis good to plan well, but, beyond dispute,
 'Tis far more praiseworthy to execute,
 And ne'er was plan pursued with more address
 Than Jack's, or crown'd with more complete success ;
 For he so well assumed precedence high,
 Looked at them all with such a bear-down eye,
 Was so unceremonious, bold and free
 (The test, you know, of tip top gallantry !)
 Was so regardless of those small attentions
 That people pay to others (the inventions
 Of vulgar fellows who but ape gentility,
 And for good breeding substitute civility !

In short he so divinely set at naught
Those modes and manners—that he ne'er was taught;
And seem'd with such supreme contempt to spurn
Those forms of courtesy he ne'er could learn;
That the provincial gentlefolk before him
With vague ideas of your *high* decorum,
Less of his breeding than *their own* in doubt,
Viewed his strange ways like fashions just come out,
And still the more with air assured he blundered
Only the more they all admired and wondered:
For lordly ease his swaggering all mistook,
For the patrician glance the ruffian look,
The ploughman's lounge as courtly grace set down,
And straight transforming to a *count* the clown.
They damn'd their own good manners and good sense,
And owned the sovereign power of impudence!
And as a maid of real charms possess,
With modest carriage and with plainness drest,
Brought, unexpected, near some flaunting dame,
With face all shameless, but with eye all flame,
May seem eclipsed to superficial view,
And *yield* the praise that to herself is due;
So deem'd they now the more Jack's merits shone,
The fewer graces had they of their own,
And each in him as in a mirror sees,
O hideous gift! his own deformities;
And mourning in their hearts their gross barbarity,
They bless their stars for sight of such a rarity
Of true *esprit*, and each henceforth determines
To *cut* what's low, though even in cousin-germans;
And *if* he'd *deign* for friend, for guide, to take him,
And *if* they *could* their noble model make him!

And you, ye sharpers keen! ye swindlers clever!
Ye bullies, blacklegs, scoundrels, knaves, wherever
Your honored avocations ye pursue,
Whether on turf or town—in hill or stew,
Take ye our Jacky for your model too!
Be sure there's nothing like your brow of brass,
Triumph or fall, your cause alike 'twill grace,
By *Aim* improve you in your noble parts,
And let *his* high example fire your hearts!
See him by *arts* peculiarly *his own*,
Raised to that height which you can reach alone,
The prince of quacks upon his envied throne!
See him the prosperous dupe of pallid crowds
That mocked by him sink dreaming in their shrouds;
The last false hope of the despairing train
That drowning catch at straws, and catch in vain;
The intimate of fools, too blind to see
The difference 'tween fame and infamy,
Who, to *notoriousness* weak sanction lend,
And badly to the world base coin commend,
The boasted friend of nobles, whose high names
Once lent to shield, are made to serve his aims,
Nor dream th'insulted good that thus he dares
To raise his own at such expense of their's.
See him, ye destined Baily dancers! see,
In his meridian who so great as he?
Cheer your dull souls with thought of all he's done,
Remember how these glories all were won;
Rise as he rose, from meanness, then cast off
Your slough, and at all other grovellers scoff;

In your exaltments generously forget
 Each tie of kindred, every natural debt ;
 Let your poor sire starve, worn out in his shed,
 Your mother, as a vagrant, roam for bread,
 Discover your relations, and shut your door
 Against the friends that honoured *you* when poor,
 Once raised, look never down to earth again,
 Let not vile contact your honours stain,
 Be only mean to cringe before the great,
 Be only servile when on lords you wait,
 At all you cannot dupe pretend to laugh,
 And let the scorning world have but the half ;
 In short, ye scum of vice, *his* path pursue,
 Such fame, or surer hanging is for you !

He ! my indignant Muse ! we must resume
 The scene's unfinished in the dining room.
 Our hero now has made the due impression,
 The pliant company are all concession ;
 His claims have won their most profound respect,
 And, as first fiddle, Jacky they elect.
 'Tis all he asks, *he* is not one to maul,
 Poor devils, that, subdued, before him fall !
 But own his sway, and he will quarter give,
 And be the civillest conqueror alive !
 Soon therefore, as the gentry knuckled under,
 He played the generous victor to a wonder,
 Unbent his haughty brow, laid all aside,
 His air of grandeur, and his glance of pride,
 Receives their kind advances, condescends
 To take them all upon his list of friends,
 Sheds gracious smiles, nay, sometimes laughs right hearty
 And is the life and soul of all the party !
 If they admired his lordly mien before,
 His gay good humour charms them now much more ;
 They're so delightful, those *sweet smiles that* grace
 The *long*, coarse, features of a *long*, dark, face !
 It charms you so to win a smile from him
 Whose look you thought cadaverous and grim !
 'Tis such a pleasant thing they say who've view'd
 A surly bear in his good natured mood,
 When he will stroke you gently with his paw,
 And let you feel unhurt each deadly claw !
 This pleasure all was their's, and they enjoyed it ;
 Time past unfelt by them—Jack well employed it,
 In finding out their characters and humours,
 Feeling each *mental* pulse as he would tumors ;
 In ferreting their business and professions,
 Who had connexions large, who large possessions,
 Who as his bosom crony he might boast of,
 And who as gully he might make the most of.
 This was a gentleman inclined to sporting,
 That was a youth come up to town a courting ;
 Here was an officer of customs, there
 A fat old justice from the County Clare ;
 This was a builder's daughter rather stale,
 Come with papa while building the new gaol,
 That was papa himself—a worthy man,
 By all accounts could better build *than* plan,
Here was a nice young lady come to town
 To choose for her friend *there* a wedding gown ;
 Here was a buxom widow—there another,
 And this is worthy doctor Gudgeon's mother ;

A very excellent divine is he,
A very venerable matron she,
And though they live as friends will do apart,
They love each other very much at heart;
As by "dear son," "own Harry," and so forth,
A fool would know if he his ears were worth.
It did not pass keen Jacky, and 'twill vex
My generous readers of the tenderer sex,
To find 'twas through a sister soft, his plan
Was brought to bear upon more cautious man;
'Thus Satan the old serpent—but alas!
The simile's worn out and let it pass.

Jacky upon the lady now begins,
He seeks her favor, need we say he wins;
The old are fond of listeners, and he listened
She talked of her dear son 'till her eyes glistened,
And so did Jacky's too—you'll smile of course,
But such is sympathy's resistless force,
How very lucky that next day was Sunday!
He vow'd he'd see and hear him preach ere Monday.

Suppose it Sunday morning—breakfast o'er,
Some gigs and cars perhaps are at the door,
And parties formed to visit old Adair
And see the venerable ruins there.
Perhaps take boat and sail upon the river,—
Bright may its limpid waters run for ever!
And o'er its verdant banks the mountains rise,
Lofty and blue as in our gentle eyes!
Fudge! we could ne'er content ourselves when there
Viewed every day an Eden scarce were fair;
And that we trace so oft the distant scene,
Shows restlessness as much as love I ween,
Each party handsomely asks Jack to join,
No, very sorry, but he can't make one;
Of doctor Gudgeon he so oft had heard,
'Twould be a monstrous scandal he averred,
Now he was any where within his reach,
To miss a sermon, such a saint should preach.
"Dear good young man!" the doctor's mother cries,
The unbidden tears upstarting to her eyes,
"I'll take you off myself to Harry's pew,
And introduce you to my darling, too."
They set off on the instant—'twas no harm,
In aged dame like her to take his arm,
Though every body wondered certainly,
Who that strange vulgar looking youth could be,
We shall not stay in the cathedral's porch,
As some would do to let you see the church,
Stretching its arching columns on before you,
And threatening should you pass to tumble o'er you;
Nor shall we keep you in the aisle so cold,
To make you gaze upon the tombs so old,
Which *lying* tell you honest men lie there,—
Their bones for many a year have lain elsewhere;
Nor shall we stop in walking up the nave,
To show you sculptured lords and knights so brave,
Who though they ne'er in life were known to pray,
Must kneel devoutly here until doomsday;
We'll follow *verger* to the church's centre,
And here the doctor's modest pew we'll enter,
Which would be most retiring, but 'tis quite
Exposed to view, and dark but that the light

Streams from the painted windows full upon it,
 And shows you each in her own well-trimmed bonnet,
 The parson's blooming girls that come to set
 A good example—when the day's not wet !
 Here Jacky sits, I'm sure we need not mention
 That in the sacred place he's all attention ;
 In Mrs Gudgeon's prayer book now he reads,
 And still takes care as onward he proceeds,
 To give a loud response with an amen,
 That brought the clerk's eyes on him now and then.
 And now the text given out, with folded hands,
 Firm on his legs conspicuous Jacky stands,
 With open mouth, resolved that not a sound
 Shall fall uncaught to waste on barren ground ;
 And ever and anon as the divine
 With stronger emphasis marks something fine,
 Out comes his note book to make comment brief,
 Or in the bible he turns down a leaf ;
 Always contriving that the art may catch
 The eye of minister, still on the watch,
 To note how he affects his congregation,
 And to "the touched" send home the application.
 And soon on Jacky's contemplative phiz
 As fixed his gaze becomes as Jack's on his ;
 Delighted that he there at least may trace
 The external signs of inly working grace ;
 That one at least his strong appeals may melt,
 That the experience he describes is *felt* !
 Now awe-struck by dread prospects of perdition
 Our hypocritic Jack feels deep contrition,
 Now dark despair his *long* dark visage shows,
 Now with the light of hope his bright eye glows,
 Now doubts and fears assail his breast by turns,
 Now with the flame of love his bosom burns,
 Now saintly admonition meek he takes,
 Now to the call of ardent zeal awakes,
 And now he weeps, and now serenely smiles,
 Triumphant over Satan's power and wiles ;
 'Till by degrees approaching the conclusion
 Blessings are heaped upon him in profusion,
 And all the congregation's hopes of heaven
 To him *exclusively* at last are given !

The sermon o'er, the minister comes down,
 And not even waiting to put off his gown,
 Approaches his dear parent's hand to shake,
 And nearer view of the good strange take :
 They're introduced instantly by his mother,
 And vastly pleased they are with one another ;
 Why should they not, when Jack as good as swore
 He never was so edified before !
 And Harry complimented Jack's attention
 By saying that "Fore G—he couldn't but mention
 How devilish disregardful people were,
 Whenever 'twas *his turn* to hold forth there !
 Jack curst their taste and hoped to serve them right
 He'd soon be made a bishop in their spite,
 But he'd a boon he could not help beseeching ;
 Was painting Paul before Agrippa preaching,
 For the apostle *long* had vexed his noddle,
 But ne'er till now could find a proper model,
 His (round) head was so *capitally* formed,
 His (blowsy) cheek such glowing ardour warmed,

His (see-saw) action was so bold and free,
His (blustering) air so full of dignity;
That if he'd only condescend to sit,
And if the character he could but hit,
Immortal fame would crown the high endeavour,
And zooks! his fortune would be made for ever!

Who could resist such eloquence as this?
Especially when mother with a kiss
Cries, "Do, dear Harry, do consent for me,
Just let me, as St. Paul, my darling see!
I'd ne'er press if 'twas Peter, but it 'ant,
That Peter's but a blackguard Roman saint!"

Consent was given and Jack had but to send
To Dublin for the picture to his friend,
His noble friend, who had it in his keeping,
With "Sinful Mary at the Lord's feet weeping,
With the great angel the last trumpet blowing,
And Michael all the rebel host o'erthrowing,
And all his other subjects grand and great
With *Aim* left while he here should vegetate.
He'd have the St. Paul in a week or two,
Meanwhile as he could nothing better do,
Perhaps the doctor would his portrait like,
The likeness he'd engage his friends would strike,
His terms were low—'twas only twenty pounds
For a *full length as large as life*, and zounds!
What preacher of his eminence would miss
A splendid portrait for a sum like this?

The doctor on his talents all reliance,
With his and mother's wish is all compliance;
Before they part the sitting day they name,
True to his word the punctual doctor came,
Jack his most vivid tints in order mixes
And then upon the attitude he fixes,
And most industrious paints and paints away
Covering an inch of canvass every day,
While the poor doctor sits and sits and sits
And damns the painter and his art by fits.
Shall we describe to you the grand design?
What could it be of Jacky's but divine?
The bible—basis for divine most meet,
Firm as a rock was placed—beneath his feet;
The ten commandments—to imply that none
Should set those laws at nought—he sat upon
And fitting back to such an easy chair
Was a huge folio of the common prayer!
No more of this. His method of proceeding
Showed scientific skill and classic reading;
As 'tis a truth that needs no demonstration
That masons must build up from the foundation,
Jack wisely on this principle began
And gradual from the feet built up the man!
Then as the ancients only took the real
To help their fine conceptions of *th'ideal*.
Jack overlooked those individual traits
That strike so forcibly your common gaze,
And to his subject gave such high divinity
That you could naught like human nature in it see

The consequence will easily be forseen,
Much as the doctor prized the godlike mien!

He still was partial like all mortal creatures,
 To his own special set of well known features ;
 And, looking at the mirror's shadow true,
 Which gave his fine round fat chaps fair to view ;
 And then at Jacky's black browed squinting sketch,
 Resembling——Fancy at her utmost stretch,
 Can liken it to nothing but some wretch,
 Snatched half hung from the clutches of Jack Ketch ;
 With life and death seen struggling in his face,
 And every feature swollen and out of place ;
 I say when doctor Gudgeon saw that phiz,
 Which Jacky told him was designed for his,
 And that without one thought in life to " quiz,"
 He quite forgot his manners and his station,
 And,——prayer conceive yourself his situation
 And I am sure you must excuse his passion.

In vain Jack used his rhetoric to persuade him
 That 'stead of uglier he had *handsomer* made him ;
 This only added fuel to the fire,
 The doctor's anger only blazed the higher.
 In vain to Mrs Gudgeon he appealed,
 In such a case to flattery she was steeled ;
 That was no more her handsome sweet faced son,
 Than she good dame thrice married was a nun.
 What's to be done ? Who can the point decide ?
 Would doctor by the general voice abide ?
 Just let the picture to the world be shown,
 And if it is't by even the *one-eyed* known ;
 He'd be the first to draw his brush across
 The daub, and rest contented 'neath the loss.

Agreed, the picture's straight to be sent down
 To Maurice Blarney's shop, where all the town
 May see and criticise it at their leisure,
 Maurice would give his judgment on't with pleasure ;
 And if an episode we wanted, he'd be
 As good a subject for the like as need be :
 Apprenticed duly to the gilding trade,
 He picture frames and looking glasses made ;
 And by long practice o'er the gorgeous frames
 And conning o'er the mighty master's names
 Became at length a connoisseur in art,
 And learned with skill to play the critic's part ;
 Nay learned to paint himself as was well known,
 None *saw* him, but his works you know were shown ;
 Vile copies of originals, as bad
 The earlier essays of some untaught lad,
 Bought up by him as lumber from " the trade."
 Were as his own productions then displayed
 And sold—and sold so fast, he could not buy
 Enough his numerous orders to supply :
 What must he do ? Why a few pupils take,
 They'd work for him for mere instruction's sake,
 What ! learn of one who ne'er could paint at all ?
 Why bless you ! every day such things befall ;
 One half of those who teach this world of fools,
 Ne'er learned themselves, not even their own dull rules,
 But they the more their cleverness display
 And well may laugh when ninnies own their sway ;
 For Maurice he'd so eloquent a tongue
 His words were manna to th' aspiring young,
 And they believed a Raphael he could make
 Of every clodpole he in hand should take.

A school of art he regularly forms,
The fry of genius throng to him in swarms ;
Each for *his* profit most assiduous toils,
He only has to furnish paints and oils ;
Works multiply—the manufactory thrives,
A wholesale trade he prosperously drives,
And punctual as the judge his circuit makes,
To the assizes towns “ the master ” takes
The dusty rubbish of his groaning shelves,
To sell in lots of sixes and of twelves.

But besides painting he *cleans* pictures too—
Nay can in most peculiar style renew.
It happened on a time the corporation
Wanted a portrait cleaned for some occasion,
A whole length by—no matter whom, ’twas fine
And of some proud prince of the reigning line.
The job was given to Maurice—who like him
Refreshed the faded and restored the dim ?
He rubbed and rubbed—the picture but grew duller,
No wonder for he rubbed away the color !
What’s to be done ? To give it up were shame,
He’d forfeit payment and he’d lose his name ;
He calls his boy and has it painted o’er,
It looks at least much *fresher* than before ;
And who can say fine character’s effaced,
When stiff as buckram every line’s retraced ?
Detection crafty Maurice never feared,
And when his worship Mr. Mayor appeared,
He vowed (and he from Rome but lately come)
“ ’Twas so improved it hardly seemed the same !

Such was the man to whom Jack now applied,
“ Hail ! well met fellow ! ” he might well have cried ;
If you’re a rogue why dang it I’m another,
And for *your own sake* help a nonplussed brother,
If Gudgeon we can bring this daub to take,
You’ll have a handsome frame you know to make ;
If ’tis condemned so much to you is lost,
And so far my good purposes are crost’
“ My dear friend,” Maurice cries “ rely on me
My word is for you to a certainty ;
But if my honest judgment he’d reject ”——
“ O we’ll have jurors that he can’t suspect ;
A word in private.” And these birds of feather,
Into the parlour snug retired together,
And Maurice coming out was heard to say,
“ A good plan faith ! I’ll have them here to day,”

At *three* the doctor is to bring a friend
The picture’s dubious fate at once to end,
And on approaching Maurice Blarney’s door,
They’re quite astonished at the crowds before
The large shop windows, peeping curious in
And making, certes, a confounded din,
“ O yearrah ! ” one cries “ see his funny eye,
That’s looking *round the corner* there so sly !
Musha, Heavens bless the *docthor’s purty* face !
There is’nt the *likes* of him in all the place.
Now is’nt it more than the art of man you’d swear
That fixed his image on that big *board* there ;
Long life to him at *laist* that stuck him on it,
And may he never want the hand that *done* it.

But don't ye see *his reverence* coming here ?
 Push off ye all ! way for his *reverence* clear !
 Faiks, *doethor*, but *we're well off any how*,
 We have another parson Gudgeon now !
 I'd buy the *picthur*, if myself was rich,
Ould Nick himself would scarce know which was which."

Pleased with the compliments the vagrants paid,
 The docthor and his friend their entrance made,
He by their flattery more than half persuaded
 Of his fair second self to think as they did ;
 His friend possessing little skill 'tis true,
 But having eyes and judgment too,
 And *willingness* to show the little that he knew.
 We'll not repeat the arguments he used,
 Nor tell how poor Jack's effort was abused,
 Suffice it that condemned, reviled and spurned,
Too bad to hang, he doomed it to be burned !

"Breathes there a man" who would consign to scorn
 The sacred—parings of *his own cut corn* ?
 Or doom the clippings of his nails to shame,
 Or give his shaved off whiskers to the flame ?
 And could he see devoted to the fire,
 The portrait of *himself* that crowds admire ?
 Even at the bare idea *boiled* his blood,
 And raging there amid the throng he stood,
 Like *hot Scamander*, when his hissing tide
 By Vulcan's flaming breath intense was dried !
 He burns *myself* who burns my effigy
 Such are the laws you know of sympathy ;
 His picture scorned *himself* he deemed offended,
 And to the daub protection straight extended.

"Good sir " he cried, as soon as wrath allowed
 And air was given him by the opening crowd,
 "I'm much obliged for your decision truly,
 Of course your counsel shall be followed duly !
 A right good judge you are of art I see,
 And much respect you have displayed for *me* !
 You're most sagacious faults alone to seek—
 D'ye think a picture made to breathe and speak ?
 Don't be with self-conceit so much inflated,
 See these poor folks all unsophisticated,
 Nature herself, or truly imitated,
 Can give their simple souls a joy that you
 With all your high flown nonsense never knew,
 But on your taste I'll make no further stricture.
 I'll take *their* judgment and I'll take the picture.
 Here sir, are twenty pounds I promised you,
 I'll have you paint, ere long, my mother too ;
 And Maurice let a handsome frame be made."
 He went and Maurice cried, "success to trade !"
 And Jack exulting, shouted "was'nt that clever !"
 Hurrah your soul ! manœvering for ever !"

"Manœvering ?" What manœvering was here ?
 A moment's patience pray, and 'twill appear.
 The worthy doctor's scarcely settled at home,
 When to his room the alarmed servants come,
 With faces pale, to tell him of the crowd
 That at the hall door ask for him aloud ;

So loud, that now *himself* the murmur hears,
 And beats his bosom with instinctive fears,
 "What do they want?" the quaking doctor cries,
 "They want yourself, sir!" every tongue replies.
 "They swear that till they see you they'll not stir!
 "Heavens!" Harry cries, "who knows what may occur
 Don't for your lives the door unbolt! I'll see
 From the third story what they want with me."
 Soon as the doctor popped his wan face out,
 An hundred voices issued from the rout—
 "O doctor won't you then perform your promise?
 Sure sir you'll never keep our shillings from us?
 "What shillings?" he enquires, "and how so owing?"
 "Och! sure your reverence well knows 'tis for going
 To Blarney's there to see your *purty* image;
 Do doctor throw them down and let us *scrinnage*!
 Sure, sir, we wouldn't go but *we were sent*,
 It was at *Blarney's bidding* that we went,
 He told us you would pay us well, *bekase* it
 So badly wanted somebody to praise it?"

THE COMMISSIONER IN TROUBLE.

Our friend *Secundus* will perhaps have seen, and with less surprise than satisfaction, that the "Sunday Critic," has at length received a reproof which he is likely to remember—a reproof from his own employers. As long as he restricted the application of his low pot-house allusions to the arts and artists, artists' wives, artists' children and the patrons of the arts, he enjoyed the most ample impunity; and in this way, to the great discredit of the two journals with which he was connected, he has been permitted to sport with the feelings and the reputations of individuals but too long; forgetting, however, in his dotage, that the interests of society are linked and interwoven by the most subtle combinations, and that in attacking a political economist he might be attacking, though a lady, a past, present, or future contributor to a morning paper, he has committed a species of *felo de se*. Betrayed, as we suspect, by the stupefying influence of the bottle, the incautious man has been insulting an authoress whose political essays have been translated and read with admiration throughout Europe. Where his own immediate interests so clearly prompted a contrary policy, we marvel, we confess, at the extravagance into which the propensities of his nature—brutal as they notoriously are—have in this instance betrayed him; for although unable—of late especially—to wade through a column of those absurdities of his which he calls criticisms on the fine arts, we were certainly not prepared for any thing so improvident as this. Miss HARRIET MARTINEAU has been made the subject of two low, vulgar, and most indelicate allusions, allusions for which nothing can compensate, as it appears to us, but the dismissal of the author of them, and this we take it for granted, as far as *The Morning Chronicle* is concerned, is an act of justice that will not be denied her. The quiet, unobtrusive, habits of the lady—her great literary merits, and a sense of the importance of those enquiries to which they have been dedicated, should surely have exempted her from the personalities of those who profess to be fellow labourers in one and the same cause: but we shall here see, in the recantation of her assailants, how that, which, in the case of another person might have been passed with approbation, would, with reference to Miss MARTINEAU in particular, have been deemed improper, and, but for an oversight of the editor, expunged.

We regret exceedingly (says the Journalist) the appearance of the following articles in a criticism on the Fine Arts, which lately, from accident, were suffered to appear in the *Chronicle*.

"No. 198. *Miss Harriet Martineau*—R. EVANS. We never could understand why Mons. UDE put a print of his head in front of his "Cookery Book," except as a calf's head in a *plate*. This likeness of Miss MARTINEAU would, if true in all its markings and expressions, be far more intelligible as a frontispiece to her

works—nothing that she has written could so operate as a ‘check to population.’”

“No 164. *The Gentle Reader*—H. WYATT. Mr. W. has not improved—he has nothing at the Royal Academy, equal to his former works. The shawl and dress in this piece are bad in color, and the blue ribbon injudiciously introduced. The lady, who probably squinted, is represented as falling asleep over her book—one of Miss MARTINEAU’s tracts. It is therefore in these two particulars happily conceived. NEWTON has a ‘*Gentle Student*’ too, but Mr. W’s is certainly no imitation.”

“We regret this the more as an ill-natured paragraph against Miss MARTINEAU found its way into the *Chronicle*, to the great annoyance of the editor. Miss MARTINEAU is a clever writer, who may occasionally be in error, as who is not? but we do not see why she should be singled out for coarse abuse. Without proscribing satire or ridicule, which is very well in its proper place, we dislike all attempts to give pain to individuals by making mirth of their bodily sufferings or bodily defects. Why should Miss MARTINEAU and her friends be subjected to the pain of reading coarse abuse of her person, merely because she writes on subjects which are usually treated of by men? One of the very best works on political economy was written by a lady (Mrs. Marcet) and why may not Miss MARTINEAU choose the same branch of science? We owe this apology to an ingenious lady, and we trust that neither she nor any of her friends will believe that the abuse was countenanced by us. We will take care that the offence shall not be repeated.”

The offence is not to be repeated: that assurance has much signification. England must surely be the most besotted of nations, or she would never harbour, much less prefer to responsible posts, as she does, the scum and refuse of other countries to the manifest injury of her own population. The writer of the above matter, well as he is known as the author of those distribes of which they form so very inconsiderable a portion, and which are here stigmatized by his own employers as “coarse abuse” is absolutely entrusted with the administration of a portion of our laws. Habited in the judicial garb, he actually presides on one of the minor benches, and, as if no Englishman could be found to discharge the duties of office with so much wisdom and integrity, a learned lord advances him to a second appointment of scarcely less importance. With such management of the public affairs, it is no great miracle that we should find ourselves in a state of embarrassment and degradation. Previously convicted in the case of Mr. SIMPSON, of a most flagrant breach of honesty—dreading to breathe of the powerful LONSDALE and his productions, otherwise than in terms of indiscriminate approval—and now, at length, branded by his own employers—we shall see, in the event of his being further tolerated—a thing we do not anticipate—whether the creature has the meanness to go and crave the weekly guinea from them as usual. Such conduct we should think would little consist with the dignity of the bar, or the respectability of the press. But the *Chronicle*, the more worthy of the two, has pretty evidently done with him. Froggy! we have long expected something of the sort would befall thee!

A commission is about to be given, by the JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB, for two portraits, one of *Nelson*, the other of *Wellington*, we believe; and as individuals are canvassing the subscribing members for the job, we would suggest, as the best means of having them well done, that they should be left to open competition—the choice to be determined by the vote of the officers themselves. It is evident that the materials for such portraits are equally accessible to all parties, as in the case of the duke, the helmeted *marshal* of forty, rather than the trencher capped *chancellor* of sixty, will be the character selected, while in that of *Nelson*, the course is obvious, as nature cannot here be referred to. We fear patronage will prevail.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Engravings from the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Parts V. and VI. HODGSON, BOYS, and GRAVES.

THE subjects comprehended in these two parts of the above very popular publication are the following, namely, Garrick between tragedy and comedy, from the picture in the possession of Mr. Angerstein;—portrait of Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, from the original at Lambeth Palace;—of Mrs. Ann Pope, from an original in the possession of the family;—of Mrs. Musters and of Miss Pheophila Palmer;—of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, from the picture at Dulwich College;—of Dr. Robinson, from the original at Rokeby Hall;—of Master Philip Yorke, from a picture belonging to the Earl of Hardwicke;—of Lady Charles Spencer, and of Sir John Molesworth, from pictures in the respective families. The whole of these ten mezzotints, with the exception of that of the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, which has been committed to the care of Mr. Bromley, have been executed by the namesake of Sir Joshua, Mr. J. W. Reynolds, and in a manner that cannot fail to extend his reputation. The portraits of Dr. Newton, Mrs. Pope, Master Yorke, and Sir John Molesworth, are all so very charming, more especially that of Mrs. Pope, that we cannot speak too highly of either. One or two of the plates, those, for instance, from the portraits of Miss Palmer, Dr. Robinson, and Lady C. Spencer, are, perhaps, a little sooty; but, as a whole, we know of no work more worthy of the attention of the collector. The merits of Sir Joshua Reynolds are so extensively known, and so universally appreciated, as to render any puny effort of ours to magnify them an act of supererogation; but when opportunities like the present occur of procuring engraved specimens of his productions we have infinite satisfaction in pointing them out to our readers.

Engravings from the Works of the late Henry Liverseege. Part IX. HODGSON, BOYS, and GRAVES.

"Don Quixote in his Study," by J. E. Coombs. "The Chevalier," by John Charles Bromley, and "Edie Ochiltree," by G. R. Ward, are the three subjects selected for the present issue, and, greatly as we approve of the second and third as specimens of engraving in mezzotint, we cannot but express our greater partiality, as regards the design, for the first, and we are compelled, in fairness, to add that we think it more fortunate even in the engraving. Liverseege has treated this subject as he treated every other that he undertook—with a propriety, an intelligence, and, we may say, with an originality also worthy of the highest commendation. His picture appears to us to have been strictly in the spirit of the text, and in this reduction of it to copper his style has been most ably imitated by Mr. Coombs. "The Cavalier," is less striking in subject than the Quixote; but "Edie Ochiltree" is, in many respects, almost as much to our taste, and in others even more so. The figure is admirable, and the distribution of the light so managed as to expose less of the mechanism of the art and the principles of composition—for we dislike to see these made too apparent.

A Musical Bore. HODGSON, BOYS, and GRAVES.

The well-known humour of Mr. R. W. Buss as a painter, and the skill of Mr. Robert Graves as an engraver, will sufficiently answer for the success of anything produced by their joint exertions; and accordingly we feel it incumbent upon us with respect to this plate, to do little more than to state that it is the work of those ingenious artists, and to give a brief description of the subject. It represents one of those musical nuisances whom we have most of us encountered at one period or another of our lives, executing a solo on the trombone. Unconscious of all that is passing around him—the distraction of his host, who in vain points to the clock, the hand of which has already reached the half hour between two and three,—the lady escaping to her chamber with a night candlestick in one hand, and a screaming infant in the other; the jaded and impatient servants showing their angry faces at the door—the scowling look of Handel in a portrait, who regards the man that thus dares to libel him by the conversion of his favourite compositions into a species of torture, with an expression of abhorrence—unconscious of all these tokens of discouragement, the old enthusiast per-

severes in his amusement, and thus the painter leaves him. The engraving is in line, and appears to us to be uniform with those of similar subjects, not long since executed from the works of the late Theodore Lane, of whose peculiarities of taste and talent we regard Mr. Buss as a sort of legatee.

Cabinet Illustrations (for Pocket Editions) of the Bible and Common Prayer, Historical and topographical. JOHN VAN VOORST, Paternoster Row.

"Mount Sinai," by J. Outhwaite, after W. Westall, A.R.A.;—"Manoah's Sacrifice," by J. C. Outrim, after Hamilton;—"Jerusalem," by J. Le Keux, after W. Westall;—"Mount Carmel," by J. J. Hinchliff, after the same;—"Daniel before Belshazzar," by Samuel S. Smith, after West; and "The Last Supper," by C. Marr, after the same, are the several subjects selected for the present number of this work; and we are pleased to observe, that in point of interest and execution they are fully equal to those that have preceded them. As an accompaniment to the Bible we can scarcely conceive a publication, particularly when the extreme moderation of the publishers, with regard to price, is considered, more worthy of support.

Memorials of Oxford: Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Halls, Churches and other Public Buildings. Edited by the Rev. James Ingham, D.D., President of Trinity College, with Engravings by J. Le Keux, from original drawings by F. Mackenzie. No. XIX. CHARLES TILT, Fleet Street.

The two copper-plate engravings belonging to the number before us are "The new College from the Garden," and "The Interior of the New College Chapel," both of which are distinguished by that neatness of execution which has characterised the earlier specimens. A little more force and boldness in the foreground of the first would have improved the effect of it, though, from what we have observed in his style, we have no doubt the drawing, as furnished by Mr. Mackenzie, has been faithfully rendered by Mr. Le Keux; and we make the remark rather for the consideration of the former than the latter, which it appears to us to be the more necessary to do on account of the accompanying wood-cuts by G. Jewitt, after W. A. De la Motte, namely, of "The Chapel and Tower from the Slipe," "The West Door of the Chapel," "The Ante-Chapel," and "The Founder's Crosier, or Pastoral Staff," the whole of which are executed with great spirit, and make the more important embellishments look comparatively tame. We have no idea of offering the slightest exception to the work, even as it is, our only object being to suggest what it occurs to us would be an improvement. Of the merits of the editor we have before taken an opportunity of speaking; his descriptions are clear, concise, and entertaining.

Landscape Illustrations of the Bible. J. MURRAY, Albemarle Street, and CHARLES TILT, Fleet Street.

The artists engaged on this publication appear in no degree to have relaxed in their exertions to render it worthy of their reputations. The subjects comprised in the present division of it are: first, "View from Mount Carmel, with Ptolemais (Acre) in the distance." Second, "Distant View of Arimathea, from the Valley of Jeremiah." Third, "Babylon." Fourth, "The Fords of Jordan," the first and last sketched by the Rev. R. Masters, M.A., and drawn by A. W. Calcott, R.A.; the second sketched by the Hon. W. E. Fitzmaurice, and drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A.; and the third sketched by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, Knt. and drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—the whole being engraved by E. Finden, except the last we have named, which is by J. Cousins. As authentic delineations of the sites referred to, studies of each having been made upon the spot, we consider these several plates fraught with interest of the most elevated kind. The literary description accompanying the view of Babylon is entitled to particular attention.

Physiognomy founded on Physiology, and adapted to various countries, professions, and individuals: with an appendix of the bones at Hythe—the skulls of the ancient inhabitants of Britain and its invaders. By Alexander Walker, formerly Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at Edinburgh. SMITH, ELDER, & Co.

Would the reader, in his intercourse with the world, be informed at a glance, of the habits and propensities of the individuals he encounters, he may here, with little trouble, possess himself of the faculty. Mr. Walker, without identifying himself in any way with the theories of Spurzheim, Gall, and other craniologists, enters practically and rationally on the subject he has chosen for examination. His system appears to be founded on the principle—that the action of all bodies must depend upon their structure—their functions upon their organization, and that therefore the external appearance of organization correctly indicates function—which is the foundation of physiognomy. Mr. Walker illustrates his remarks with copious plates, which are very neatly engraved, and as his publication bears strongly upon the subject of the Fine Arts, we feel it our duty to point out its utility. In drawing a comparison between Greek and Gothic art, the author makes some remarks which appear to us to be both just and striking, and as they have the further merit of being original, we extract a portion of them for the consideration of our readers.

“A tendency to minuteness, detail, and complication,” says Mr. W. “is as characteristic of German, as a tendency to simplicity and grandeur, was of Grecian mind; and this will be found to influence and harmonize with all its other faculties—secrecy, mysticism, &c. as well as to explain its mode of life, whether individual, domestic, civil, political, or religious.”

This fundamental circumstance, then,—this tendency to minuteness, detail, and complication may be seen in every effort of German mind, the more obviously if compared with the corresponding efforts of Grecian mind.

In architecture, the Greek temple is equally simple as a whole, and in its parts; and such is its harmony, that if even a fragment of it be seen, the whole may be predicted.—The Gothic temple, on the contrary, is complex in both respects—it is covered, I may almost say composed, of a tracery of such minuteness and complication as to be absolutely unparalleled, and, unlike the Greek temple, that creature of genius, which, if ever so small, would be grand from the art of its proportions, the Gothic temple is never grand but by the vulgar expedient of general magnitude.”

Mr. Walker proceeds very ingeniously with this comparison, and we regret that our limits do not permit us to accompany him to the end of it: the volume will, however, we have no doubt, be extensively circulated, particularly as it has the additional advantage of a prepossessing exterior.

The Music Book of Beauty, containing twelve original songs, and a set of Quadrilles. SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall Court, and SMITH AND Co. Oxford Street.

A selection of original and beautiful melodies bound up with a set of quadrilles into a graceful volume, is a temptation that few of our musical readers would be able, could they have the opportunity of examining it, to resist. The poetry, which is from the pen of Mr. Edward Smith, is original in thought, and chaste in expression: the airs are by Messrs. J. Barnett, Blewitt, Bishop, J. B. Barnett, Cohen, Severn, and Neukomm—the quadrilles by Miss Myers; and, with such a combination of talent, any attempt on our part to enter upon a laboured analysis of their beauties were unnecessary. We cannot, however, dismiss the work without expressing our admiration of its embossed title-page, which is brilliant beyond any thing of the kind we have seen; it is even curious as a work of fine art, and, altogether, a more suitable little offering, as from a father to a daughter, or a brother to sister than “*The Music Book of Beauty*” is not to be desired.

The Architectural Director. By JOHN BILLINGTON, Architect. Part IV. John Bennett, 3, Tan Passage, Ivy Lane.

We regret our inability to extract from this publication a passage that would convey to the mind of the reader an adequate notion of its merits. It abounds in matter descriptive of celebrated specimens of building, which are accompanied with various engravings. The details of the several orders of architecture are

set forth with great minuteness, and the purposes to which each is more immediately adapted briefly explained. A dictionary of the technical terms used among architects, surveyors and builders, so arranged as to admit of separate binding is made to contribute to the general usefulness of the work, which upon the whole impresses us with the most favorable idea of the talents of the author: and we again recommend it most cordially to the attention of the readers both professional and private.

The History of England by Hume and Smollett, with a continuation by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B. D. Vol. V.—A. J. Valpy, M.A.

WE have made it our business to watch attentively the progress of this work, and take pleasure in reporting from time to time upon its merits. The volume now published is limited to the reign of Elizabeth, and in illustration of the text we find two neatly executed engravings by W. Read, after Stothard and Opie; and one by Rogers after Vertue—the first representing the queen at Tilbury, the second the execution of Mary, and the third, Elizabeth, as a portrait merely, in which the resemblance is well preserved.

Mr. Valpy is evidently taking the utmost pains to render the work popular, and we trust his exertions will be amply required.

Illustrations to the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott. Part VIII. CHARLES TILT, Fleet Street.

OF the several plates which enrich this, the concluding number, the "Hall at Abbotsford," drawn by Roberts, and engraved by Jeavons is our favorite. It is a scene in which every intelligent mind must be interested, and in the representation of it both the draughtsman and the engraver have acquitted themselves admirably. "Margaret" by Thompson, after Chalon, is very delightful in expression, but the attitude appears to us to be a little forced, and the drawing not quite perfect: the hands for instance, more particularly the left one, are considerably too small; "Ellen Douglas and Fitzjames," by Adlard, after Nixon, is rather poor in design and monotonous in color; but the specimens of "ancient furniture," by Cleghorn, after Pugin, is full of spirit. "Waterloo," by Shenton, after Cooper, is also well.

Appendix to the illustrations, landscape, historical and antiquarian, of the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott. CHARLES TILT, Fleet Street.

THIS volume contains an account of the several embellishments appertaining to the work to which the preceding notice has reference. It is edited by Mr. John Martin, and presents in itself a fund of entertainment. In the preface, Mr. M. enters in a calm and temperate tone into the particulars of the publisher's misunderstanding with Mr. Turner, and those who may feel interested in the subject, in order to do justice to all parties, should take care to peruse them.

The Anatomy of the Bones, Joints, and Muscles, exhibiting the parts as they appear on Dissection, and more particularly in the living figure as applicable to the Fine Arts. By George Simpson, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lecturer on Anatomy to the Artists' Anatomical Society, &c. J. WILLIAMS, Charles Street, Soho.

TO those artists who have not found opportunities of studying anatomy through the medium of dissection, this volume will be found of great utility, as it supplies all the details which, for the limited purposes of painting and sculpture, can be really essential; and, as a book of reference, by which the memory may be occasionally refreshed, even those who have enjoyed such opportunities, it appears to us to be scarcely less desirable. The forms of the various bones and muscles belonging to the human figure, their situations, uses and capabilities are described in a manner that leaves no cause to complain of the characteristic dryness which renders the majority of such productions so repulsive. To render his publication the more complete, the author has enriched it with numerous well executed lithographic drawings.

We do not think it was incumbent on him to pass an opinion on the works of West, or any other artist, although it may have been in terms of approval; but the volume is certainly the best of its class, and we are accordingly glad to perceive that it has reached a second edition.



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GRAY'S INN WINE ESTABLISHMENT

High Holborn, London.



A Sketch of Part of the Vaults of the Gray's Inn Wine Establishment.

THERE is, perhaps, in this immense Capital, no single example in which the spirit of Enterprise has been more amply rewarded, than in the GRAY'S INN WINE AND SPIRIT ESTABLISHMENT. The principles on which it started were Liberality and Integrity; they have been constantly adhered to; and the exertions of the Proprietors have been rewarded with a Patronage much beyond any known precedent, and very far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The encouragement they have met with has probably arisen from their having been less prodigal in promises, and more anxious to fulfil such as were made, than is usual in such cases. They did not attempt to create an empty reputation by the depreciation of similar houses, nor hold out any exclusive advantages but such as the common sense of every one feels must ensue, when experience, zeal, and capital are combined: they held out no pledges to the Public which could not be performed, or made a single promise which has not been faithfully kept.

The Advantages offered to the Public are not numerous, but they are most important. In every concern where capital is largely embarked, and at all skilfully managed, a saving must accrue; the capitalist commands the market, and purchases fall into his hands which enable him to re-sell to the consumer, at a price which the smaller dealer is unable to do. In addition to this, in this establishment, every article is subject to the most strict examination: every purchaser may judge for himself from the *bona fide* stock; and, if he sees fit, have the article sent away in his presence. In this case nothing will be exchanged; but, in every instance where orders may be forwarded, and the faith of the Proprietors relied on, should the article be not approved, it may be sent back, free of any and every expense, and the money will be returned to the last farthing. The advantages to Country Consumers must be here obvious, as, by a remittance, they may be immediately supplied with Wines or Spirits, of a quality to be depended on, and at the Lowest Price the London market can afford; it being one of the objects of this establishment to supply the Public with Wines, &c., of a sound and invigorating quality, equally useful (with that of a higher description) for schools, hospitals, and charitable purposes, at a price nearly as low as the trash daily offered to it.

The very excellent and universal patronage extended to that singular and splendid liqueur, "Liqueur Sherry," of which the Proprietors are the original and only importers, have induced them to direct their attention to the highest class of Wines produced in Xeres; and, regardless of expense, arrangements have been made and entered into with some of the first houses in Spain, for the finest and oldest Sherries shipped to this country. Very considerable importations, in butts, hogsheads, and quarter-casks, have been landed by this establishment within the last few months, and are submitted to the Public at the lowest remunerating price.

Rota Tent, (the original Sacramental Wine,) which had almost fallen into disuse from the substitution of an article of British manufacture, has, since the importations of a superior and genuine Wine, by this establishment, resumed its occupation in the chalice for devotional purposes, there being few churches in the Metropolis but are supplied from this source. This, with a pure Pale Brandy, of a most scarce description, have established a reputation with the Public beyond all former precedent.

DUTCH LIQUEURS. From the great difficulty in obtaining these justly-celebrated Liqueurs in the genuine state, the Proprietors have been induced to enter into arrangements with the first compounders in Holland for a regular supply, which can be depended upon as of the very finest quality. Also, imported in cases containing twelve bottles, (two gallons,) very superior Schiedam Hollands, which will be delivered in the original cases, direct from the Docks.

THE BLENDED STOCK may be tasted in the Docks; and any butt, pipe, or hogshead, which may be selected, will be cleared, on condition that the party selecting engages to take a moderate quantity when bottled. The most experienced Cellarmen are employed by this establishment, for the removal of Gentlemen's Wines, from Country Town, or from Town to Country. The duties on Wines, of every description, are paid without extra charge. Wines from the Docks into private stock, fined, bottled, and placed away, in the best manner, and at the lowest possible expense.

The PROPRIETORS, in returning their best Thanks to the Public for the constantly increasing encouragement their exertions have met with, beg to add, that their gratitude will stimulate them still further, if possible to deserve its entire confidence.

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GEORGE HENEKEY and Co

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WINES IN WOOD.

Duty paid; delivered to any part of London, free of Expense.

	Per Pipe.	Hhd.	Qr.	Cask.		Per Pipe.	Hhd.	Qr.	Cask.
Port, very good	480	420	10	415	10	Sherries, any colour	454	442	10
Do. superior	65	33	17	0	Do. very old do.	93	47	21	10
Do. for immediate bottling	75	38	19	10	Do. very high character, scarce	100	50	—	—
Do. do.	84	42	10	21	Do. very choice old East India	120	60	—	—
A few pipes of extraordinary old	93	42	100	—	Victoria	43	23	12	0
Wines, of high character, and	—	—	—	—	Do. London Particular	55	28	—	—
full of flavour	—	—	—	—	Marsala, the best	45	23	12	0
Sherries (golden)	55	28	14	10	Cape, good and clean	35	13	6	10
Do. pale or brown	60	30	10	15	Do. superior	30	15	10	8
Do. superior	68	34	10	17	Do. Madeira or Sherry character	36	18	10	9
Do. very superior	75	38	10	5	Pontac, superior	36	18	10	9

WINES IN BOTTLE.

Port, from the wood	24s. 30	Madeira, East India	60s. 23
Do. superior, best Marks	34 36	Bucellas	24
Do. old cruised	32 36	Do. very old	24
Do. superior, 5 to 8 years in bottle	42 48	Lisbon, rich and dry	28
Do. very choice, 10 years in bottle	— 54	Calcutta	28
Sherries, good quality	24 30	Victoria	24
Do. superior pale, gold, or brown	36 42	Marsala	24
Do. very choice, of rare quality	48 54	Arinto	28
Do. the Amontillado, very old	48 54	Cape, good quality	12 15
Do. very superior old East India	54 60	Do. old and superior	18 21
Madeira (direct)	30s. 36 42	Do. Muscatel	24
Do. West India	48 54	Pontac	19 21

DRAUGHT WINES, per Gallon.

Port, good stout wine	10s. 6d. & 12	Cape, very best	9s. 0
Do. very superior	15	Pontac	9 0
Sherries, straw colour	10 6	West India Madeira	14 6
Do. superior, any colour	15 18	Marsala, Lisbon, or Victoria	12 0
Cape, good and clean	5s. 9d. 6 6 7 6		

FRENCH AND RHENISH WINES.

Champagne, sparkling	54s. 60	Sparkling St. Peray, in high condition, and	— 72
Do. first quality	72 84	very fine	—
Do. in Pinta	36 42	Sauternes and Barsac	30s. 36 48
Claret, second growth	36 42	Hock	26 48 30
Do. St. Julien, vintage 1897	48	Do. Rudesheim Berg, 1819	84
Do. Larose and Leoville	60	Do. do.	90
Do. Lafite, Latour, and Chateau Margaux	72 84	Hermitage (the choicest quality)	90 105
Moselle	48 54	Burgundy (do.)	90 105

WINES OF CURIOUS AND RARE QUALITY.

Muscatel, very choice	42s.	Old East India Madeira, South-side Wine, and	70
Mountaint	38	two years in India (Quarts)	—
Rota Tent, very superior	42	Malmsey, old East India	60
Paxaretta, of exquisite quality (in Pinta)	36	Very old East India Brown Sherry, two voyages	70
Constantia, red and white (do.)	28	Very curious Old Sherry, many years in bottle	60
Frontignac	30	A bin of high-favoured Old Port, ten years in	60
The Liqueur Sherry, shipped expressly to this	—	bottle	—
establishment (do.)	45	Tokay (very scarce)	72
Very old Canary Sack	(do.) 36		

SPIRITS OF CURIOUS AND RARE QUALITY.

A beautiful article of Pure Pale Brandy, 72s. per doz.		Jamieson's Dublin Whiskey, seven years	21s. per gal.
A few cases of extraordinary Old Brandy,		old	—
well worthy the attention of the Con-	84 100	Very Superior English Gin	12
noisseur	—	Rum Shrub, very superior	16
* Milk Punch, very superior	39	East India Nectar (in Pinta)	60 per doz.
Very old Pine-apple Rum, over proof	18 per gal.		

FOREIGN AND BRITISH SPIRITS, per Gallon.

Genuine Cognac Brandy	24s. 0d. 26s. 6d.	Hollands (Schiedam)	28s. 6d. 22s. 0d.
Finest Old Champagne do.	28 0 32 0	Rum Shrub	10 8 12 4
Jamaica Rum	10 8 12 0	English Gin, various strengths	6s. 8 0 9 4
Wedderburn do, best marks	14 0	Best do.	17 8
Whiskey (Scotch and Irish), various	12s. 16s. 19 0		
strengths	—		

DUTCH LIQUEURS, at 16s. per Bottle.

Anisette, or Aniseed	Crème de Roses	Crème d'Absynthe	Crème de Bergamottes
Ratafia d'Anis	Crème de Cédras	Crème de Cassille	Citronella
Carapao, Orange and White	Gold Water	Strawberry Ratafia	Elixir de Garus
Raspberry Ratafia	Vespéro	Pine Apple	Huile de Vénus
Crème de Noyau			

N.B. Also, imported in one-dozen cases, containing two gallons, very superior Schiedam Hollands, at 60s. per dozen, which will be delivered in the original packages. Bottles and Cases included.

* The attention of Innkeepers is requested to the article of Milk Punch, by which, with the addition of a small quantity of hot water, a tumbler of the finest Punch is produced, and at a less price than by the usual tedious process.

Country residents visiting London, and others, are respectfully invited to inspect the different departments of the Establishment, which now ranks among the greatest curiosities of the Metropolis.

* Bottles charged 2s. per doz.; Hampers or Cases, 1s.; Stone Bottles, 6d. per gallon, which will be paid if returned.

Dr. Cash.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

FINE ARTS.

THE SAINT JAMES'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, No. 58, Pall Mall, opposite to Marlborough House, is now open. Admission, 1s.

"We do not know that we have ever before witnessed a public collection of paintings of which we could say, without committing the character of our critical taste and judgment, as we can of this, that every picture may be pronounced valuable. Some of the paintings by Murillo are exquisite and consummate in all the qualities which constitute the attraction of that great master."—*The Morning Advertiser*.

MESSRS. HODGSON, BOYS, and GRAVES, beg leave to announce to the Subscribers of the Engraving of

THE PARISH BEADLE, AFTER WILKIE,

That Mr. Rainbach has at length finished it in his most exquisite manner. The Proof Impressions will be ready for delivery in the course of a few days, and only a very limited number of India Proofs will be printed.

Price £2. 2s. Proofs, £4. 4s. India Proofs, £6. 6s. Before Letters, £8. 8s.

London, Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, Printsellers to the King, 6, Pall Mall.

SIMPSON'S ANATOMY, as applicable to the Fine Arts, Second Edition, illustrated by thirty splendid and useful Engravings of the Bones, Joints, and Muscles, published for the use of the Members of the Anatomical Society and Students of the Royal Academy.

The great success of the former edition (which was dedicated by permission to the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.) having proved its utility, the author has been encouraged to publish a second edition, which he trusts will be found in no respect inferior to the first. Published for the author by J. Williams, Library of the Fine Arts, Charles Street, Soho, in 2 vols. 4to. Price £1. 6s. each part; or, two guineas together.

Gentlemen desirous of joining the Artist's Anatomical Society are requested to apply to Mr. Simpson, the Lecturer, 6, Bedford Street, Bedford Square.

ON the tenth of May will be Published a **CATALOGUE OF SECOND HAND BOOKS**, on Topography, Heraldry, Voyages, and Travels, together with a Collection of Works on the Fine Arts, including an interesting series of Foreign Sale Catalogues of Prints, by **JOHN RUSSELL SMITH**, No. 4, Old Compton Street, Soho, London.

BATTLE of CENTAURS and LAPITHÆ in Sculpture, by Mr. **BLOUGH**, a group of seventeen figures, larger than life is

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at No. 49, Great Portland Street, Oxford Street, from ten till six. Admittance, 1s.

ARNOLD'S MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

clever and carefully conducted work.

Times.

Magazine discusses pictures and other affairs very pleasantly; it contains this among other matters, a notice of Cardon Raver, and an extract from a Spanish travel journal touching Granada, which is very interesting.

Athenæum.

ways gives us satisfaction to recommend work, a monthly periodical dedicated to the Arts. The artist, amateur, and every one feels an interest in the Arts and Sciences find in its pages a vast fund of information. It is ably conducted and the critical notices appear to be written with much fairness; it embraces all "the sayings and doings" in the fields of Arts throughout the world.

Plymouth Herald.

The Magazine of the Fine Arts is a rising production; and as an ardent friend to the British School we are pleased to see it progressing in the path of fame. There are some clever critical notices, and other papers, in the Number for May; and the Editor and his Correspondents have been on the qui vive to cater for their readers. There are some clever remarks in the paper entitled "Leaves from my Pocket-Book."

Durham Advertiser.

Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts for May is unusually rich and talented. Not only in the Fine Arts, but even in other subjects, does it assert its supremacy over other miscellanies of the same literary character.

Cheltenham Chronicle.

The March and April numbers contain, jointly and severally, a great deal of interesting matter. There is a portrait and notice of Sir M. A. Shee, P. R. A. who is pronounced to be "a painter, a scholar and a gentleman, wearing his triune honors with a manly grace, and with that sort of unembarrassed modesty one would be apt to attribute to a favorite hero." In the British School of Living Painters, are notices of Stanfield and Leslie. The papers on Romsey Abbey are continued in the March and concluded in the April number. There are also articles on the History and Principles of Painting, on the genius of Stothard, and of Raphael, on Landscape Painting, on the Holy Family by Raphael, (of which an etching is given) besides many other articles worthy of notice and perusal, and embracing various subjects of interest to artists and connoisseurs. A periodical devoted to so noble a purpose and conducted with so much taste and ability, is deserving of support commensurate with the service which it renders to the cause of the Fine Arts; and its conductors are taking the best and only means of at once promoting their own interests, and creating amongst their readers, a taste for all that is refined and elegant.

Liverpool Chronicle.

This Magazine we have seen its share this month, of representing the interests and interests of art. There is a greater variety in this number of papers in which amusing literature is blended with the metaphysics of pictorial taste, and the latter may be named "Ma Beauté,"—"Vanity Portraiture,"—the Beauties of Infamy and Childhood,"—and, (a very clever paper which might have been more humorously treated) "Mistress of a lady Amateur."—Some of the professional papers are at once well written and useful, uniting the *dulce et utile*. "Sketches by a Practising Architect, No. 7," we have before spoken in terms of commendation. They are just sarcastic on some of the quackeries of art. There are two papers, which the profession would well to study—viz., "On erroneous notions of Sculpture," and "Hints on the present state of Sculpture." In conclusion, we are bound to say that we have not seen more tasteful criticism of the exhibitions, of the Royal Academy, and the Paintings in Water-colours, in any other periodical. They are not a mere phraseology borrowed from the technical verbiage of art, as the custom of penny-journals, but result from the practical taste and knowledge of the recognoscenti. An admirable portrait of the great architectural painter, John Martin, engraved by Wagstaff, drawn by Wageman, adorns the present number.

Morning Advertiser.

The Magazine of Fine Arts contains some judicious remarks condemnatory of the "Portrait" mania, and the superficial system of teaching drawing, in vogue with some artists well as amateurs; and is embellished with a capital likeness of Martin the painter, sketched by WAGEMAN.

Spectator.

Three plates here—this is illustrating with vengeance. A full length portrait of Sir M. Shee, P. R. A.,—Raphael's Holy Family, and a plan for a Gallery of Pictures at the Fountains. The articles on Shee, Stanfield, Royal Academy, Northcote, Stothard, and Painting, are worth the high and deservedly increasing reputation of this very excellent and well conducted magazine.

Dorchester Courier.

We have found much to interest us in the improved and improving periodical. The remarks on "Leslie" are extremely judicious. We are well acquainted with both the artist and his works, and assent entirely to the proposition of his critic. The "Manner of Cooke" is valuable. The critique on "Stothard" is beautiful and just. The writer forgets, however, that an admirable portrait of Stothard was painted by the late Mr. Jackson. The best likeness is that taken by Mr. Green, and appeared in a former number of this Magazine.

United Service Gazette.

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